

JAPAN PUTS HER CARDS ON THE TABLE
BY YOSUKO MATSUOKA

JULY 22,
1933

Liberty 5¢

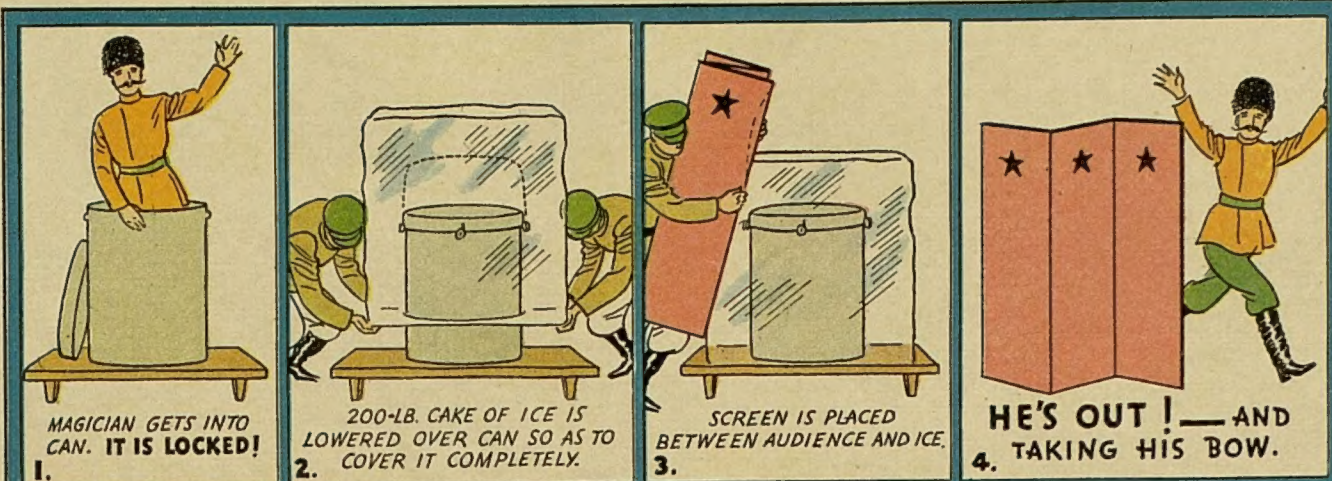
SKY
GAMBLING
by
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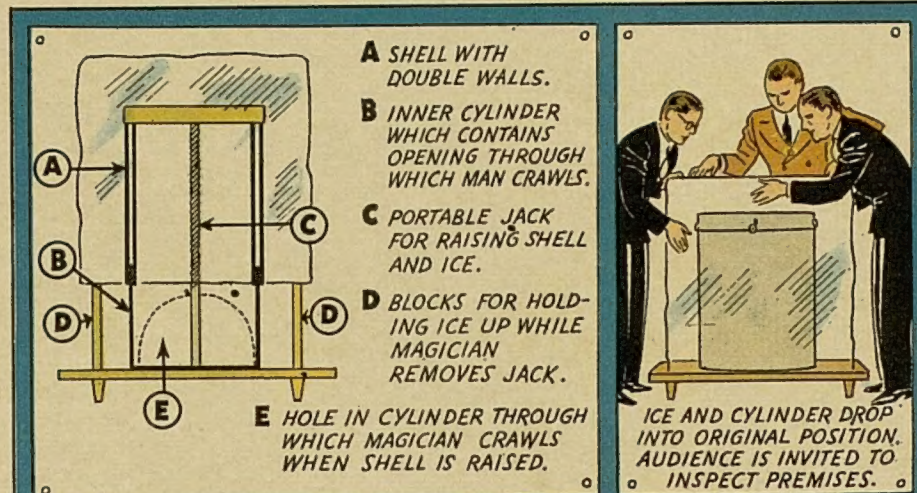
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

*Siberian Prisoner
Escapes
from ICE CAKE*

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— THIS IS WHAT HE SAW!



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Can You Unscramble These Names?

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FOR THE SIXTY-FOUR BEST ENTRIES

Send in Your List and Claim a Big Cash Prize!

HERE'S another list of scrambled geography words to test your acumen. If you got into this game last week you need no second invitation to compete. If you have not played this fascinating game before, here is the explanation:

The scrambled words at the right, meaningless as they now seem, will each spell the name of a South American place, locality, mountain, river, lake, or other geographical designation when the letters are rearranged in their correct sequence. Some may work out without difficulty. Others may prove more troublesome. Don't let this discourage your entry. If you get half or more of the solutions you will have done exceedingly well. Well enough, perhaps, to capture one of the major prizes. You may win the \$50 first prize! And there are sixty-three other cash awards awaiting distribution.

Why not match wits with the other members of your family? See who can unscramble the most names in a given time. See who can locate the most names without the aid of an atlas or gazetteer. You'll be surprised how interesting this can be. But don't forget in the excitement to send in your entry for a share of the prize money. The contest does not close until Monday, August 7, so you have plenty of time to work on the more difficult names.

The rules are brief and simple. Read them carefully and follow them in filing your entry. Prize winners will be announced in the earliest issue possible after the contest closes.

THE WORDS

- 1 LARZIB
- 2 AVILIOB
- 3 SANAMO
- 4 NEGARANIT
- 5 BAMRAPORIA
- 6 TINAGOSA
- 7 WEGGETORNO
- 8 TOAGANIPA
- 9 QUAYALIGU
- 10 HOCABAMCAB
- 11 HIABA
- 12 GOATAFTASAN
- 13 LABORCANE
- 14 TABELSILVA
- 15 IRAMADE
- 16 MAANOZ
- 17 COINORO
- 18 RAPUAY
- 19 LAYCUIA
- 20 SAMIN
- 21 FALRIMEROS
- 22 NARAAP
- 23 GENOR
- 24 GABOOT
- 25 ZUCOC
- 26 CAMABARIO

THE RULES

Each of the scrambled words will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, form a geographical name which may be found on any complete map of the South American continent.

Copy the scrambled words. Opposite each, list your solution. On the same line identify the name with its geographical application and its location. For example, the first scrambled word correctly resolves into Brazil. Your first line will therefore be something like this:

LARZIB — BRAZIL — Republic — Central and eastern section.

In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

When you have solved and identified as many of the words as possible, write a brief statement to complete your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled, identified, and located, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference, will be adjudged the best.

In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; ten prizes, each \$5; fifty prizes, each \$2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Scrambled Geography Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, August 7.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED JUNE 3

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

ISLA SUTHERLAND, Fort Collins, Colo.

"Yes, pal, I'll admit that when you loaned me five dollars a year ago I promised to give it back in a week, but that evening the most beautiful girl in the world said she thought she might learn to love me—and I'm still paying for her lessons."

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

GRACE M. NEWBURG, Burbank, Calif.

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

B. H. HYDE, Helper, Utah

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

SAM TAYLOR, Laredo, Texas

TEN \$5 PRIZES

James H. Brower, San Diego, Calif.; John F. Caine, Jr., Baltimore, Md.; A. C. Engstrom, Two Harbors, Minn.; Chase Heaton, Chicago, Ill.; Morton McTurk, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. C. C. Ochenrider, Overton, Texas; H. Ramsbottom, Calgary, Alta.; Genevieve C. Reading, Sandpoint, Idaho; Mrs. L. F. Stewart, Muskogee, Okla.; Leroy C. Vincent, Minneapolis, Minn.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

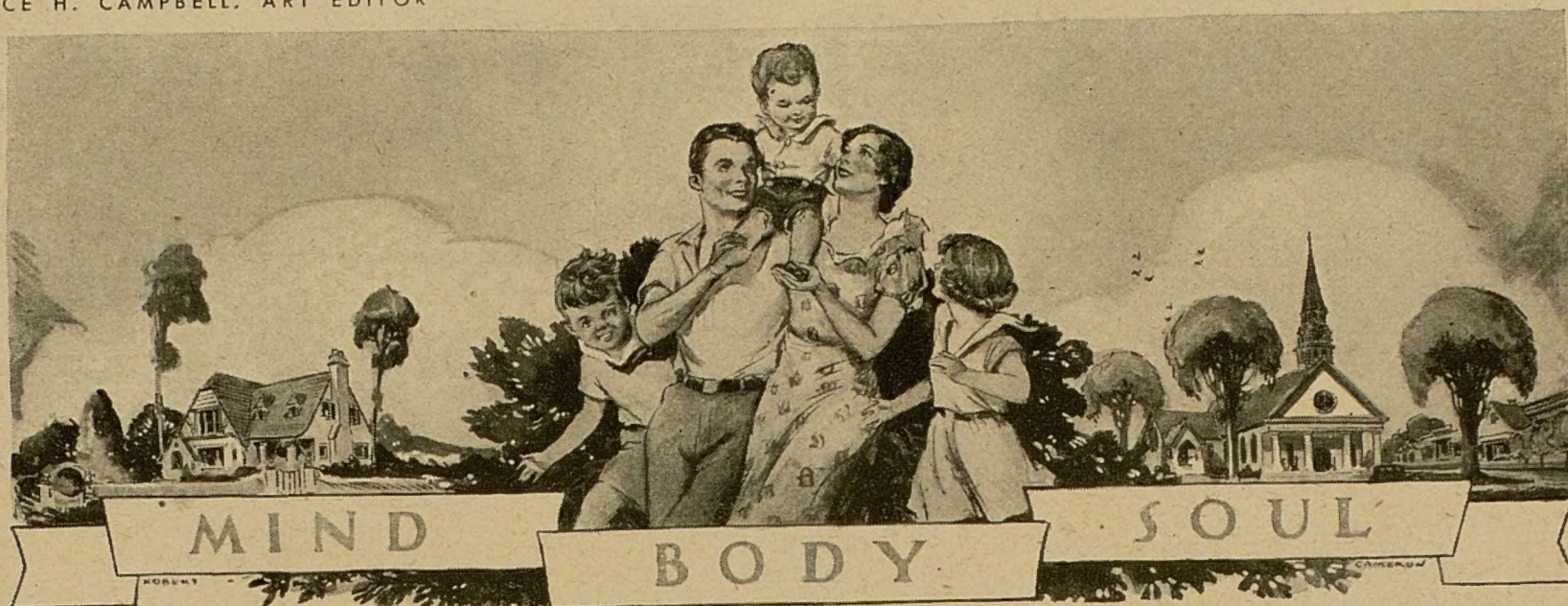
E. C. Adolph, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. F. W. Allen, Knoxville, Tenn.; C. R. Arnold, Retsil, Wash.; John C. Beck, Cincinnati, Ohio; Roger Bell, Milwaukee, Wis.; Kathryn F. Bell, Elkins Park, Pa.; Margaret Bobbitt, Chicago, Ill.; D. D. Bracken, San Francisco, Calif.; Lasserre Bradley, Lexington, Ky.; John R. Brann, Mound City, Kan.; Agnes P. Connor, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lida Crooke, Jefferson City, Tenn.; James Estes, Clarkston, Ga.; Sydney Goldman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen G. Ferguson, Wichita, Kan.; Paul S. Greene, Douglas, Ariz.

S. E. Haffield, Vero Beach, Fla.; Fred M. Hayes, Fort Worth, Tex.; Esther J. Herman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Howard G. Kelley, Westmont, Ill.; Mabel Kramer, Louisville, Ky.; S. H. Lawless, Norfolk, Va.; Leo O. Martin, St. Anne, Ill.; Mrs. Marie Martin, Oak Park, Ill.; R. M. McDougald, Clayton, La.; Frank J. McIntyre, San Francisco, Calif.; Carl Moore, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. H. C. Muck, Bartlesville, Okla.; E. B. Myers, Washington, D. C.; Walter S. Newton, Atlanta, Ga.; H. W. Nimmo, Toronto, Ont.; Herman Oram, Prince Albert, Sask.

Nelly Percefull, Little Rock, Ark.; Mary E. Perry, Oakland, Calif.; Helen Rhue, Phoenix, Ariz.; Margaret Ritchie, Pt. Loma, Calif.; B. F. Robinson, St. Augustine, Fla.; Jacob Rohman, New York, N. Y.; Emma Rosenau, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. T. Sampson, Malden, Mass.; Leon Saunders, Tampa, Fla.; Jack Simmons, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Cleo Chester Smith, Denver, Colo.; Theodore L. Snelling, West Orange, N. J.; Charles J. Tessar, Chicago, Ill.; George M. Thomson, Walkerville, Ont.; Mrs. Scott Umsted, Cambridge, Mass.; L. W. Vandrey, Truman, Minn.; W. Robert Whyte, Oakland, Calif.; John Weidenbach, Bay City, Mich.

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WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR



WHAT IS PROSPERITY?

EVERYBODY is discussing prosperity—our lost riches.

Those good times were the Golden Age. Will they ever come again? is the query that haunts us.

Prosperity—the land of milk and honey. Then we basked in the sunshine of financial security.

But the word prosperity has acquired a false meaning. We associate it with heaps of gold, with stocks and bonds, with valuable property which represents financial wealth only. When we speak of a prosperous man we think only of riches that can be measured in money value. But there are many rich men who are not prosperous, for prosperity should mean something more than the mere possession of financial wealth. It should assure one of a feeling of well-being—of a calm, satisfying content that comes with what we call happiness.

It is difficult to associate unhappiness with a prosperous man. Therefore prosperity should indicate the possession of something far beyond financial riches.

There is mental prosperity, physical prosperity, moral and spiritual prosperity, and but few people have even glimpsed the great importance of wealth of this character.

A rich man can be poor in health, and such poverty would bring misery and unhappiness. You could not call such a man prosperous.

One might be a moral reprobate and still be prosperous financially, but there would be no real, satisfying happiness to such a person. He would be a nuisance to himself and an abomination to others.

And to some religious people there are spiritual riches that are so soul-satisfying that they ride over every unpleasant situation regardless of how serious it may be.

The severity of this depression has been due

largely to our one-sided view of prosperity. People are glum and depressed entirely because their financial income has been restricted. They cannot spend as generously as they did when money was flowing freely.

Everywhere we are depending entirely too much upon money for happiness. The simplicity of pioneer times has been forgotten. Life has become complicated with all sorts of conventional edicts. Ceremony and outward show have assumed entirely too much importance.

Prosperity should be measured by one's ability to enjoy life, not by the rules set by money standards. One might be prosperous in happiness and still be as poor as a church mouse. And it has often been stated that those whose requirements are the least often secure the most happiness from life.

What we need everywhere is more riches of mind, body, and soul. Such possessions may not be associated with financial prosperity, but they are worth more than all the money in the world. And, what is more important, they are beyond the reach of scheming racketeers. They cannot be stolen.

Suppose we try to change the meaning of prosperity; remove it, to a certain extent at least, from the money standard; make it mean something richer, deeper, more soul-satisfying than the clinking of golden eagles.

Make your body so vital and strong that there is a feeling of well-being stirring your soul at all times.

Broaden and develop your mentality.

Strengthen your character.

Develop a personality with sympathy and understanding.

Then, regardless of your financial possessions, you are sure to enjoy prosperity of a sort that satisfies the innermost longings of the human heart.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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DRESS that whispers of the great couturier...

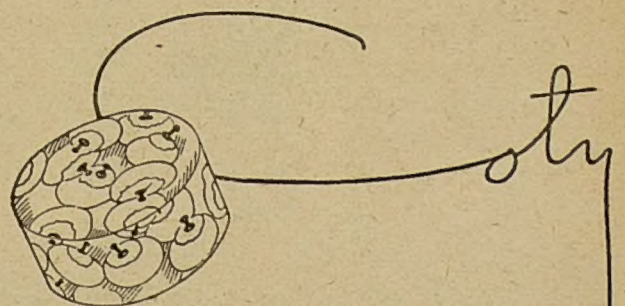
FACE that keeps its
own powder secrets.



You're glad when your ensemble speaks in every line of its clever designer, but you're more of a success socially when your face doesn't whisper its debt to your Face Powder.

Coty Face Powder is a tremendous favorite with girls and women who know that it's smart to look "natural". The smooth, velvety texture of their skins, the enchanting, *even* tone of their complexions, are directly traceable to Coty's amazingly accurate powder tones, and to the deft way in which Coty Powder harmonizes the inequalities of skin tint which frequently exist between brow and cheeks, nose and chin.

In Summer, you'll love the delicate *floral* fragrances with which Coty cunningly contrives to keep Face Powder lastingly fresh and pleasant. And, if you're a devotee of the sun, *Cotytan* is the tone that was blended for you!



Pure—safe—the Face Powder of *quality* ingredients and *quality* processes!

Ever smoke in heat and dust?

Did you find it hard to coax enjoyment out of your cigarettes? Then think what it must be like on Western ranges! Imagine smoking in all that alkali dust, under that broiling sun! It was no fun . . . until Spud came along with its cooler smoke. A pioneering plainsman tried this new kind of cigarette. Found something. Spread the good news. Wrote us that he and many others are now smoking the only possible "plains" cigarette . . . SPUD!



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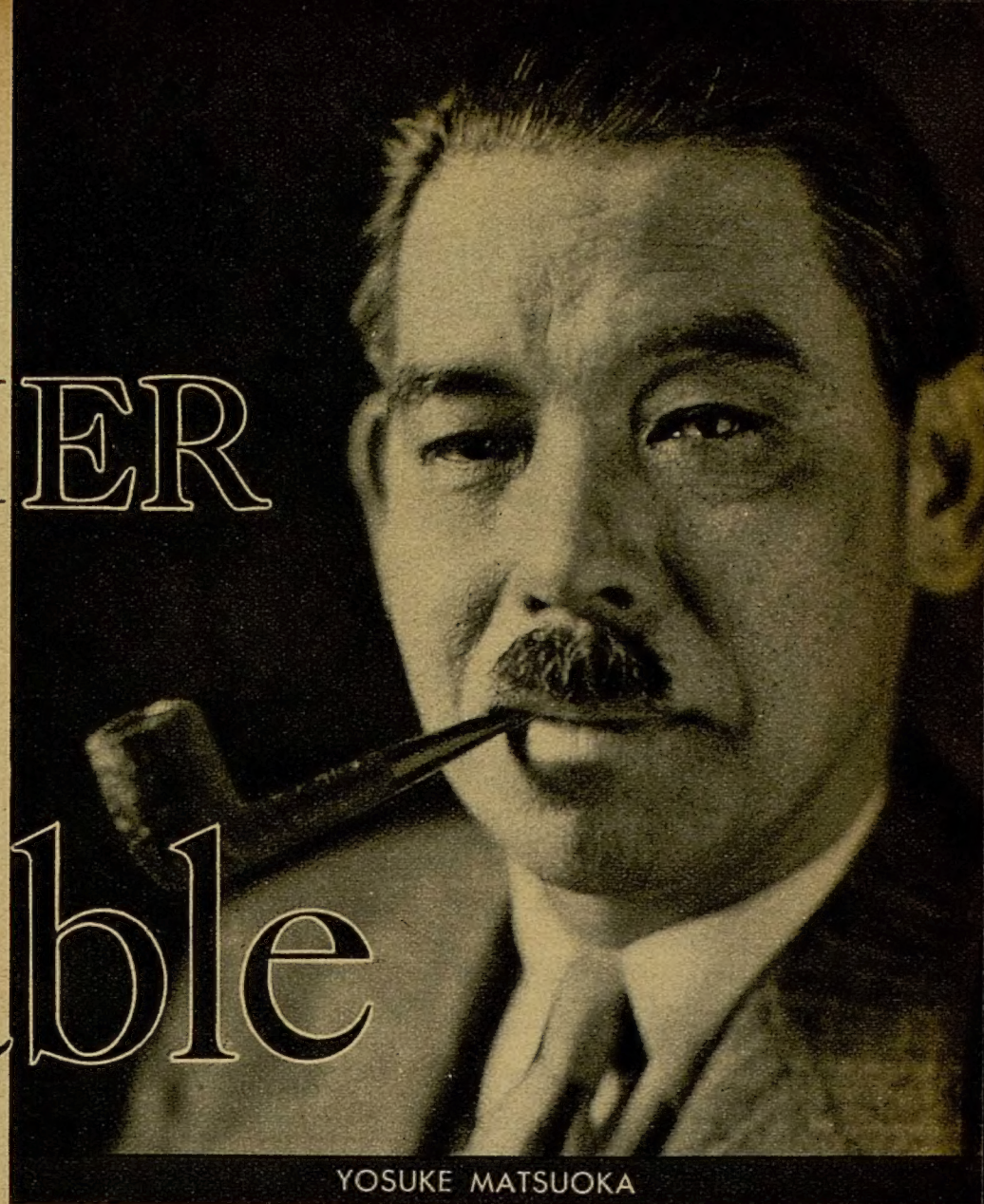


BRINGING MOUTH-HAPPINESS HOME . . . Many an Easterner found that he *had* to smoke Spuds while duding it out on the plains. Smoked them and liked them and brought the Spud habit back home. Why not? A cigarette that pleases when the smoking is "tough" ought to keep you mouth-happy on every other occasion. The moist-cool taste of Spud's fine tobacco does the trick. THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

Japan PUTS HER Cards on the Table



YOSUKE MATSUOKA

Does She Expect to Fight the United States?—An Explanation and a Challenge by the Man Who Walked Out on the League of Nations:

**YOSUKE
MATSUOKA**

Japan's representative at Geneva until her withdrawal from the League last February.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)

IN the past quarter of a century—that is to say, since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War—there have been three campaigns conducted in the United States against Japan.

One was by your big-navy advocates, one by your Western States, and one by Chinese who have been educated by Americans, working in collaboration with the missionaries and professors who have educated them. China's faults have been condoned and Japan's magnified to such an extent that the average American cannot look upon the Far Eastern situation clearly and fairly.

And, I am sorry to say, the American attitude has affected and influenced the opinions of the governments of Europe. I feel that Japan would be a member of the League of Nations today had it not been for American influence upon the members of that organization.

After the Great War there were but three great navies: the British, your own, and the Japanese. Your navy was then about half the size of the British, but you proposed to outbuild the British and proceeded to do so in 1919-21.

The British declined to compete with you in armament. That being the case, it soon became obvious that your big-navy advocates had to find some other excuse to give the American people for the enormous appropriations they were obtaining annually from Congress. They made Japan the excuse. We were charged with having

designs upon the Philippines and intending to close the door in China to American trade.

This was absurd, because for the last two years of the World War Japan was in a position to take not only the Philippine Islands but even the Hawaiian group if she wanted to. The United States had transferred every naval vessel of any consequence out of the Pacific into the Atlantic.

But immediately after the war your Navy Department found it suddenly necessary to concentrate a large part of your navy in the Pacific Ocean, and to construct tanking facilities for great stores of oil at Hawaii.

The American people seem hardly to have known how they were misled, but your trumped-up anxiety caused even some of the governments of Europe to become anxious. The British government, which had had an alliance with Japan for nearly twenty years, notified the Japanese government it would not be able to continue this alliance in the face of American opposition.

It was impossible for our people to understand the American attitude. We knew we had no capacity to fight a successful war against the wealthiest nation in the world and the most secure geographically. We were amazed.

Happily time has proved the nonsense of the big-navy campaign. You are no longer feverishly building naval vessels in order to insure peace with us.

There has been no war in the Far East between Japan and China. Japanese troops have been fighting only the armies of one of the principal war lords of China and several of his associates. They have been welcomed as deliverers by the people of Manchuria.

So much for your naval campaign against us. It is unnecessary for me to say much about the campaign that emanated from your Western States. Since your Immigration Bill was passed, in 1924, excluding Japanese, there is no longer a violent agitation from these states against us. I have, therefore, only this to say: that in order to exclude a quota of one hundred and fifty Japanese immigrants a year it seemed hardly necessary to denounce us in the harsh terms that were often used.

With regard to the third campaign, which is still going on, I have something more to say. There is a great

deal of antiforeign feeling in China; but the Chinese people as a whole hate the war lords who rule their country more than they hate any foreigners, including the Japanese. There is a Chinese element which has made much ill feeling between Americans and Japanese. This is the group of Chinese students whom the United States has so generously educated with the Boxer Indemnity Fund and with missionary and philanthropic assistance.

Your purpose in educating these men was to benefit the masses of Chinese people. But, unfortunately, they have had little influence upon the Chinese government or governments. Many of them are employed by the different war lords with the sole object of dealing with foreign consuls, foreigners trading in China, and missionaries. There are a number acting as officials of the so-called Nationalist government, recognized by the foreign powers as the central government of China. This government actually rules less than three of the eighteen provinces of China proper, and it maintains its authority only by force.

The American-educated Chinese has for a long time constituted himself spokesman for his country in the United States. He will not fight for his country, but he would not mind seeing Americans go to war in the name of freedom for China. But war with Japan would not give the Chinese freedom, for they are the slaves not of Japanese but of their own war lords.

China is the largest country in the world, larger than all of Europe combined. It is commonly estimated that there are four hundred and fifty million people in China. What could America do for such a mass of people, populating so wide a territory, so far away from the United States?

JAPAN has undertaken only to assist the newly organized Manchukuo government to establish law and order in Manchuria, which has a population of thirty millions of people, and lies outside and beyond the Great Wall of China. That is a big enough task for us.

To the misfortune of Japan, the Chinese educated by Americans have not worked alone in their campaign against the Japanese in the United States. They have had the coöperation of a great many Americans; and most numerous among these Americans has been the missionary element.

Let me say right here that I am a Christian, and if I have any prejudice it is in favor of spreading the gospel of Christ throughout the world. Let me say also that there are many honorable and able American missionaries and philanthropists in China.

But as a whole the body of missionaries has become

a group of propagandists among Americans in behalf of China and opposed to Japan. There are too many of them who know nothing of Japan, who blind themselves to the faults and facts of China, who are uninformed and unqualified to speak with authority.

I would hate to think that I was lacking in sentiment or sympathy for the Chinese people. I know that I am not. I have too many friends among them and I have seen their suffering too long. Nothing would I welcome more than a quick and thorough reorganization of China. But my sentiment is based on knowledge, experience, judgment, and common sense.

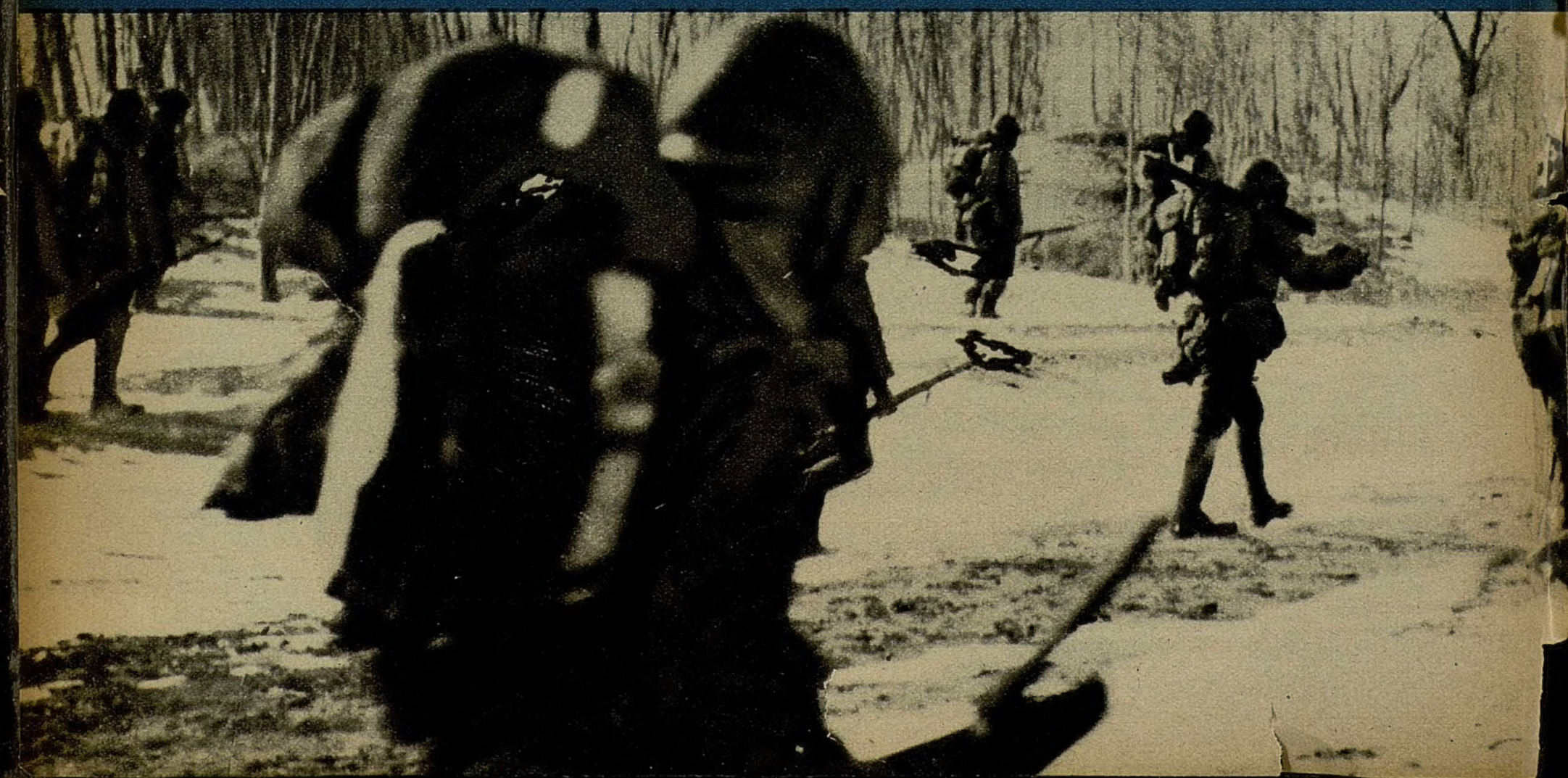
WHAT has happened in the past twenty-one years of domestic warfare in China? Why not consider that? In the past two decades, since the Manchu Dynasty was overthrown, probably forty millions of Chinese lives have been needlessly sacrificed. These deaths came from warfare, banditry, famine, and flood. The many governments of China have been spending more than all the proper taxes of the country on warfare and preparations for war.

They have spent nothing on prevention of famine and flood. They have actually brought about famine. The masses of the people in every province are on the verge of starvation. I would suggest a reading of the report of the American Red Cross, made after a survey of China about four years ago. I am afraid that many American missionaries are more concerned with China's nationality (a thing that does not exist) than with the suffering of her people.

I realize that this is a harsh indictment, and it is no pleasure for me to make it, but I think it is high time for some Japanese to speak in cold, plain terms. We want no trouble with the United States. On the contrary, we earnestly desire and seek the end of your ill feeling toward us. We have important trade relations with you. You buy more of our products annually than any other people. And we buy more from the United States every year than all the rest of the Far East together. We are able to buy more because we are an advanced and progressive people. It will be a long time before China will be able to buy as we do.

Japan has had fewer wars with China than any European power has had with its neighbors. Japan has had fewer wars than the United States has had. The Japanese people are fundamentally peaceful people.

China has never, in all her history, ruled Manchuria. If the League of Nations gave China control of Manchuria now it would be performing an act which China has never performed for herself. The Great Wall of



China, built to keep out the people of the north, the Manchus and Mongols, is still standing today. It forms the southern boundary of the new state of Manchukuo.

Manchuria was brought into the Chinese Empire by the Manchus, who crossed the Wall and conquered China about three hundred years ago. From that time down to the beginning of the present century it was kept as a Manchu domain. Not till some time after Russia had obtained from the Manchus, in 1898, what were in fact dominating rights in Manchuria were Chinese permitted to enter freely. To some of the rights which Russia obtained, Japan succeeded seven years later. As a result of Japan's—and not China's—sacrifices, the sovereignty of the territory was returned to the Manchu Dynasty in 1905.

But even the Manchus did not subsequently govern it. The ruler of the land was Chang Tso-lin. This man was the same type of overlord who now rules in most of the provinces of China. He began as an ordinary bandit and rose to power by superior military and political acumen.

After Chang Tso-lin was killed, in 1928, his son, Chang Hsueh-liang, secured his estate and succeeded to his authority.

Both Changs, father and son, and some of the generals under them, were Chinese and not Manchus. But the fact that a group of Chinese bandits made themselves masters over Manchuria does not mean that China ruled Manchuria. If one of your notorious American racketeers should go to Mexico and become master of the country, you would hardly call his government American. Nor do the people of Manchuria—Manchus, Mongols, Chinese—want their former Chinese rulers to return. Japan deprived China of nothing that she ever possessed.

From the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War down to the present time it was the Japanese who developed Manchuria along modern lines. It was we who prevented the civil wars of China from spreading to Manchuria, who made Manchuria so desirable a land that millions of Chinese migrated to it.

Why did Chinese from China proper crowd in such numbers to the South Manchuria railway zone, the territory under Japanese administration? For the same reason that they congest the foreign-controlled and foreign-protected Treaty Ports of China. They flocked there for safety and security.

Neither life nor property is secure for Chinese in their own capital, while foreign naval vessels lie off that capital for the protection of the lives of the foreign diplomats. And there is no end of the lawlessness in sight.

For the past eight years there has been a university in Moscow training Chinese students in the art of propa-

ganda. At Russia's expense several thousands were taken to Moscow, trained in Communistic ideas, and sent back to China. A number of them came to Manchuria and conducted a campaign against Japanese interests, designed to drive our people out of Manchuria and take from us the rights which we had taken from Russia. Intense feeling was aroused. It was aroused against us in the armies of Chang Hsueh-liang, which numbered some 240,000 men. It was aroused in our railway guard, about 10,000 men.

The feeling ran high, for, as all the world knew, Japan had no intention of giving up either to a nominal government of China or to Chang Hsueh-liang the rights which the Manchus had given to Russia, and which we, at heavy cost, had taken from Russia. The conflict was sure to come sooner or later. If it had not come as a result of an incident on September 18, 1931, it would have come as a result of another within a very few months.

Japan could not permit an enemy of any character in Manchuria—Russian or Chinese. There was danger in a combination of these two in territory which we regard as our lifeline. To us, Manchuria is at least as important as the Canal Zone is to you.

I ENDEAVORED at Geneva to make the League of Nations understand and appreciate the facts of the situation, but the League had already committed itself, without understanding, to a policy opposed to us. It was impossible for the Japanese delegation to change the verdict.

However, before our delegation left Geneva we had succeeded, I believe, in making the League a wiser body of men. The Assembly rendered a verdict against us on the technical or legal aspects of the case. They decided that literally we had broken the Covenant—although we contend to the contrary. But on the basis of fact there is little doubt that among the more intelligent and experienced members of that body the opinion prevailed that Japan had ample reason for her action.

The League had before it a theoretical problem. Japan has before her a practical one. We deplore our disagreement with the League, but we feel we had no other course. We had to promote the security of our own position and the peace of the Far East. We cannot permit the danger of Communism to spread farther into any part of our sphere of the world.

We have done a good job in Manchuria. As American newspaper correspondents reported a few weeks ago, the people of Jehol Province came out to welcome the Japanese and Manchukuo troops, not as aggressors or invaders but as benefactors and liberators. That tells the tale.

THE END



*With Pride and a Chuckle, We Introduce
Cynthia Werthering, and the Liveliest
and Most Entertaining Story
You Are Likely to
Read This Year—*



(Reading time:
24 minutes 5 seconds.)

IN TWO PARTS: PART
ONE—THE THIRTEEN
LETTERS

THE Wertherings of Golden Neck, Long Island, were lovely people. In fact, they were so wealthy that money was no fun to them any more.

Guy Wallace Werthering, the father, was a plump little gentleman-of-the-old-school

His wife, the stately and bird-witted Alice Maria Werthering, had not been wealthy for quite so many generations as her husband, and so she worked at it harder, going in rather heavily for matched emeralds, a fashionable figure, and bridge parties of a viciously exclusive nature.

Susan and Cynthia were the perfectly adorable Werthering daughters. Susan, twenty-two, was shortish and plumpish, with beautiful brown eyes like a moo cow. Cynthia, nineteen, was tall, slender, and ash-blonde. People who disliked her said that she was trying to act like Lady Diana Manners. She had a sharp tongue for fools and hypocrites, of which there was, of course, a great number in the circle in which she moved.

Like all rich girls, and like a surprising number of poor ones, Susan and Cynthia had for years been pursued by a couple of young men who, among a crowd of competitors, particularly professed to find life unbearable until and unless some convenient clergyman had made everything legal.

Susan's young man had attained felicity a year and a half previous to the opening of this tale, and Susan was now Mrs. George Hackerbury. Susan and Georgie lived in a ninety-thousand-dollar bungalow which had been built for them in a corner of the Werthering estate. And after a year and a half George still liked it. Which is somewhat of a tribute to Susan.

Cynthia's young man was still dangling, and so, naturally, was al-

What is GOOD FORM

?

ways leading the conversation around to clergymen. His name was Harrison Smythe-Conway, but everybody called him Spike. Everybody said, too, that he was conceited and sarcastic, and drank too much. The first two accusations were ridiculous. Spike merely suffered from shyness and a sense of humor. And when he seemed rudest it was only because he was trying not to laugh or blush. Of course he *did* drink too much—chiefly because he was afraid of Cynthia unless he had had a couple of cocktails. And

since he made a point of being with Cynthia as much as possible—well, there's your vicious circle.

The story proper opens at one of Mrs. Werthering's house parties. It was an hour or so after lunch. Mrs. Werthering was running a bridge-fest in the library—eleven tables and fourteen kibitzers. Mr.

Werthering had secluded himself in the writing room with ice, club soda, and a three-pint bottle of fine Scotch whisky. Some of the more energetic guests were out on the lawn playing badminton, and threatening to swim later, although it was only the first week of May. The rest were simply lying around—digesting, and reading magazines, and flirting, and playing with the dogs, and behaving themselves generally.

As usual, Spike was looking haggardly for Cynthia, and Cynthia was moving from room to room, looking for Susan. At the moment Cynthia was a very miserable young woman.

It had all started before lunch. Cynthia had found Spike in a corner of the library, gloomily poring over back numbers of the *Spur*. She had come up behind him and patted him maternally on the head, cooing in a voice which Spike always found particularly objectionable, "Well! Is my pet improving his mind?"

This failed to soothe Spike. He looked up, scowling.

"Am I a dog?" he asked viciously.

Spike could always make Cynthia feel repentant.

"I know," she said,

By **CYRIL HUME**



One afternoon Spike and Cynthia were sitting in bathing suits beside the outdoor pool. After a while Spike said, "You're lovely, Cynthia."

"I'm really a horrible girl."

Spike jumped up. "It's a lie!" he shouted. "You're a wonderful girl!"

"No," said Cynthia firmly.

"I'm not worth being in love with. Even when I want to be nice I can't seem to help being perfectly horrid."

"Maybe," said Spike thoughtfully, "if you were to marry me you'd get over being so darn' disagreeable. Or maybe I'd quit caring," he added optimistically.

"If you're proposing to me again, Spike," said Cynthia ironically, "it's no use. For I can never be thine, Spike. I must be swept off my feet by a dark, dangerous-looking foreign man who will masterfully crush me against his masterful shirt front and plant burning imported kisses upon my ruby lips."

Spike sneered gloomily. "If I tried it, you'd give me a sock on the nose."

"How do you know?" asked Cynthia, looking at him sidelong. "You've never tried."

"Oh, damn!" said Spike. And he tried.

And, just as he had predicted, Cynthia gave him a sock on the nose.

CYNTHIA was almost in tears. "I get so nervous when anybody paws me," she explained. "I guess," she added in rather a faint voice, "I was beginning to have a perfectly ghastly feeling that I *liked* it. No, Spike! No more! I'd only go all to pieces again and sock you on the same place."

At that Spike lost his patience altogether. "You're not a girl!" he said bitterly. "You're a menace!"

And he stalked away to the butler's pantry, where he cajoled Higginsbottom into giving him more drinks than were good for him. And when Cynthia followed with the idea of making him forgive her, and at the same time of weaning him from Higginsbottom, he only glared at her. "A grand wife *you'd* make!" he said. "First you'd beat a man up. Then you'd hide the liquor. I know what *you* are," he added thoughtfully over the third highball. "You're a harpy." There seemed to be no getting

around him at all.

She set about making him suffer. At lunch Cynthia became wonderfully at-

tentive to Georgie, with the result that Georgie made a conspicuous ass of himself, while Spike glared and poor Susan pouted closer and closer to tears.

Now lunch was over and Spike wouldn't speak to her. Susan, after a brief private interview with Georgie, had retired somewhere to weep. Georgie himself was lurking suicidally in the conservatory.

Cynthia found her father napping in the writing room. "Father," she said, "do you know where Susan is?"

"No!" he exploded pessimistically as he started awake. "Where? Good God!"

"I was *asking* you, darling."

"Oh," Mr. Werthering looked relieved. "Thought you meant she was in some confounded scrape. No. Haven't seen her." Mr. Werthering prepared to nap again. When Cynthia was at the door he woke briefly once more. "If you really want Sue," he called, "look up the biggest cad at the party. Likely she'll be frolicking after him."

Cynthia found her mother at bridge, and came up behind her.

"Mother," she said, "have you seen Sue?"

Her mother turned with a knit brow. "Sue?" And during her apparent abstraction she managed to renege neatly from the dummy. "Sue?" she repeated, evidently more puzzled than ever.

"Yes," said Cynthia helpfully. "Your first, you know."

Mrs. Werthering put her head on one side and smiled with great charm while the game waited. "Now, wherever should I have seen Sue? As though *anyone* could keep track of Sue! Sue's like a little elf—now here, now there. One never knows just where."

"That's it," Cynthia agreed.

A cold look came into Mrs. Werthering's eye. "No, I haven't seen her," she said shortly. And went back to cheating her house guests at ten cents a point.

Cynthia peered into the conservatory. Georgie was in there alone. When he saw Cynthia he started convulsively and backed away.

"Feeling bright and cheerful?" she asked.

"You ought to know how I feel," Georgie groaned.

"Georgie! I?"

"Yes, you! It was all your fault—the way you made me act at lunch!"

"Georgie," said Cynthia in a shocked voice, "blaming me! You were simply scandalous at lunch, Georgie! You were a regular moral leper at lunch!"

"I know I was," Georgie agreed brokenly. "But you lured me."

"I didn't even know you were lurable!"

"Well, I am," he answered proudly, "—as anything! And now Susan isn't ever going to speak to me again!"

"In that case, Georgie, you may as well make up your mind to being my victim." She advanced upon him like a panther, rolling her eyes.

"Stop it!" Georgie protested. "I don't want to be anybody's victim! I want Susan!"

"Too late!" cried Cynthia in a hollow voice. "You are mine! Ha-ha! *Mine!*" She came quite close to him and tried to look evil. "Kiss me, my fool!" she hissed.

And, greatly to their mutual surprise, Georgie did.

"There!" he cried, almost in tears when the thing was done. "You—you kill all the decency in me, Cynthia!"

"Oh, dear me!" said Cynthia. "I didn't really think you *would!*"

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you?" he answered darkly. "Well, you'd better understand once for all that when I get out of control, decency is dead."

He kissed her again.

"Georgie!" Cynthia cried in horror. "Behave yourself! I'll go find Susan and send her to—to save you from yourself."

"It's probably too late." Georgie was very gloomy indeed. "As a matter of fact, I'm not so sure I want to be saved from myself now. Sin," he said, "isn't so bad once you get the feel of it."

AND he was trying to kiss her for a third time when there was a double exclamation in the doorway of the conservatory. The guilty ones turned and saw Spike and Susan standing there. Spike spoke gloomily, "Here they are again!" He groaned. "Hot at it!"

Susan cried in a stricken voice, "Georgie!"

"Susan!" George, equally stricken, went toward her.

"No!" sobbed Susan. "After what I've seen I can never let you touch me again!"

"Oh, Susan! You could *try*, couldn't you?"

"I'd die!" said Susan, and burst into tears.

Cynthia and Spike stared at each other round-eyed. George was in tears too by this time. He kept saying to Susan, "It wasn't *me!* It was *her!*"

After a while Georgie's voice seemed to get on Spike's nerves. He slowly turned to Georgie.

"Listen, you rat," he said. "After this, you leave my girl alone."

"Your girl!" Georgie replied bitterly. "Ha!"

Spike looked reproachfully at Cynthia. "And how do you think a man feels to get a 'ha' like that?" he asked.

No immediate answer came to Cynthia's mind. She went to Susan.

"Listen, Sue. Don't be angry with Georgie. I was teasing him and he misunderstood. Besides, there isn't any harm done."

"No harm done!" Susan cried. "You wreck my home! You come to me with my husband's kisses still hot upon your lips!"

"They weren't hot," Cynthia interrupted. "They were sticky. Besides, I wasn't anywhere near your old home. Sue, listen—"

But Sue wouldn't.

She said, "Sister! Ha! You're not a sister. You're a serpent, a wriggly, horrid *snake!* And as for that moron"—she meant Georgie—"as for him—now you've got him you can keep him! I don't want him! I shall go elsewhere for—for consolation."

And she walked out with her head thrown back. Spike followed, bellowing thirstily for Higginsbottom.

Cynthia called weakly after him, but he pretended not to hear. She turned to Georgie.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "What are we going to do?"

"Do?" said Georgie. "There *isn't* anything to do! And Susan was right, Cynthia. You *are* a snake. But what do I care? I'm a snake too!"

And he tried to kiss her again.

DINNER was a painful meal for Cynthia. Spike wouldn't look at her; Georgie's face was all mottled from his recent anguish in the conservatory; Susan was being ostentatiously gay some distance down the table. Cynthia chose a place beside her father. She always did when a crisis was hanging about. After a while of silence her father glanced at her.

"What's that young ass Spike been doing now?" he inquired testily.

Cynthia was humble. "I'm the young ass this time," she said.

"Oh!" exclaimed her father. "Dear me!" After a while he asked her, "When are you going to make him apologize?"

"Just as soon as I can get him back into my clutches," she whispered.

"That's a brave girl," said her father, patting her knee under the table. "We can't have him drinking himself to death."

After another while her father asked, "Who's the fellow Susan's dithering over?"

"Came with the Blimptons," Cynthia whispered. "Supposed to be Prince Something-or-other from Somewhere."

"Shouldn't be surprised if he were just that," said her father. "He looks it."

"As a matter of fact," said Cynthia, "he's probably the king of the place incognito."

"By a morganatic marriage," her father added.

"I don't like him," said Cynthia.

"I shouldn't either," her father agreed, "only I haven't let anybody introduce him to me yet." After a pause he added, "Dresses like a croupier of a gambling casino."

"I bet he's been one. Or worse," Cynthia agreed.

"Good God!" her father exclaimed. "What *could* be worse?" And he choked on his champagne.

After a while Cynthia said, "I wish she wouldn't."

"You wish who wouldn't what?"

"I wish Susan wouldn't go on being *radiant* like that."

"She gives me a pain in my tummy," said Mr. Werthering—"or perhaps it was the terrapin."

"I'll blow her up after dinner."

"Don't. You'll blow her into the fellow's arms. You must recollect, my dear, that Susan isn't clever."

Cynthia smiled. "Just you and I are clever, aren't we, darling?"

"That's it," her father agreed.

After dinner Cynthia was adorable to Spike in the conservatory. He immediately forgot all about his indignation and began boisterously kissing one of her hands.

"Spike," said Cynthia, "don't! I want to talk to you."



Cynthia whisked in at another door, ran into him, screamed melodiously, and fainted into his arms.

"That's all right," said Spike. "I can listen while I'm doing this."

"But I can't talk while you're doing it."

"Why not?" asked Spike.

"It makes me go all to pieces inside," Cynthia explained.

"Oh, God!" Spike cried with an enveloping gesture. "I'm nuts about you!"

"Wait!" she protested. "Please, now! This is important."

Spike sat on his hands.

"What is it?" he asked.

"That man Sue's with. What do you think of him?"

"Damn' greaser," replied Spike with promptitude.

"I wish Susan wouldn't."

"Leave that to Georgie."

But it seemed to have got beyond Georgie. All at once Georgie ceased to be faintly comic in his white-faced wretchedness as he loitered about trying to appear unconcerned, while Susan stayed and stayed in whatever place it was she had gone with the prince.

A WEEK later, as he was dressing for dinner, Mr. Werthering had unprecedented difficulty with his evening bow. He doddered into his wife's dressing room, plaintively holding the crumpled thing in his hand.

"By the way," he said, when the tie was neatly arranged, "I see you've asked the—the—ah—prince again."

"Yes," she replied. "Charming young man. So attentive."

"That's it," agreed Mr. Werthering. "A fellow has to hop it or he's in your lap. I don't like him."

"If you'd be explicit, Guy—"

"How the devil can a fellow be explicit about his likes and dislikes? I don't like prunes for breakfast, but I can't give three good reasons why not."

"One would hardly compare the prince to a prune."

"I ain't so sure."

"Oh, this is nonsense! The prince was brought here by Fay Blimpton."

"I know, my queen. Fay Blimpton is a charming woman and all that, but when it comes to titles she's a reg'lar dipso-maniac."

"Guy, if you have anything to say—"

"Well, my dear, if I had a son I should advise the cub not to play any game of chance with the prince."

"You mean to say he cheats?"

"I mean to say he's lucky."

"Lucky?"

"Confound it, Alice, a man can't talk to a daughter, even though she may be playing a riskier game than baccarat."

Mrs. Werthering turned in surprise.

"You mean Cynthia?"

"Of course I don't mean Cynthia!" Mr. Werthering replied indignantly.

Mrs. Werthering smiled. "Guy, will you never get it through your head that Susan is a married woman now, with a husband to look after her?"

"By look after, you mean follow with the eye?"

"Possibly. And what he doesn't know won't hurt anybody—least of all Susan. Perhaps the poor child is bored."

Mr. Werthering looked thoughtfully at his wife.

"If I'd known your principles sooner, Alice, I mightn't have slept so soundly all these years."

Mrs. Werthering smirked at her reflection in the mirror and began clasping her famous emeralds about her person.

Much later in the evening Mr. Werthering sat in the card room playing solitaire. Spike ambled in.

"Hello, my boy," called the old gentleman. "Come have a drink."

Spike joined him gloomily.

"What's wrong, young fellow? My charming daughter been scratching your eyes out?"

"Cynthia's an angel!" said Spike sepulchrally.

"I know," Mr. Werthering agreed. "I've slipped her for it."

Spike looked envious.

"I see," said Mr. Werthering, audaciously cheating himself, "that you and the—ah—the prince have struck up quite a nice little friendship."

"I just saw the prince to his room, if that's what you mean," said Spike. "But I don't suppose he's there now," he added darkly.

"Why all this Damon and Pythias business, eh, Spike?"

"Mr. Werthering, if there was a cobra in your room, wouldn't you move around so that you could keep your eye on it?"

"I dare say I should," said Mr. Werthering blandly. "But you know, Spike, if I weren't better acquainted with you I should imagine you were criticizing one of my guests to me."

"Sorry," said Spike.

He watched Mr. Werthering go on cheating himself.

"Mr. Werthering—"

"Yes, dear old boy?"

"Is good form so terrifically important?"

"Good form's a jewel, my lad. Anything that must be done is done better for a bit of good form. Even a murder, Spike."

Spike grinned and leaned forward.

"I wish that you would tell me about that, Mr. Werthering."

"Well, I shan't," the old gentleman replied grumpily, passing his hand through his neat game of solitaire. "I'm going to bed."

ONE warm afternoon later in the summer Spike and Cynthia were sitting in their bathing suits beside the outdoor pool. After a while Spike said, "You're lovely, Cynthia."

She smiled without looking at him. "You're pretty nice yourself."

"Look," said Spike promptly. "Suppose you and me get married this afternoon."

Cynthia raised her eyes. "I've told you, haven't I? Get a job and stop drinking your head off—and maybe."

"Look," said Spike in an injured voice. "Are you trying to make out that I'm a drunk?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Then couldn't you leave it to me to taper off when I get used to you?"

"I suppose I could."

"Well, then, three thirty?"

"You've forgotten about the job, Spike."

"Cynthia, you don't want me to go out and take a job away from someone who really needs it!"

At this point the customary argument was interrupted by the arrival of one of Susan's maids.

"Excuse me, Miss Cynthia," said the girl, "but Mrs. Hackerbury wishes to speak with you. I—I think it's important, miss."

Spike and Cynthia exchanged a look.

"See you at dinner, Spike," said Cynthia.

Susan was lying face downward across her bed, sobbing. When Cynthia entered she raised her tear-stained face.

"Oh, Thynthia!" she said with the slight lisp which always accompanied her deeper emotions. "I don't know what I'm going to do!"

"Name your figure," said Cynthia in a businesslike voice. She knew Susan.

"Oh, Thynthia!" And Susan's tears flowed afresh. "A hundred thouthand dollarth!"

"Haven't got it," said Cynthia promptly.

"Oh, *pleathe* help me, Thynthia!"

"Why don't you get it from Georgie?"

"Oh, I *couldn't*!"

"Didn't suppose you could. How about father?"

"Oh, *no*, Thynthia!"

"Well, that seems to just about exhaust the list. Unless you want to steal mother's emeralds."

"Oh, Thynthia! Do you think you *could*?"

"Me? I'd be the first one she'd have arrested."

"Well, then," said Susan, sitting up and drying her eyes, "the only thing left for me is to drink arthenic, or thome nathty thtuff like that."

"I *could* get you *arsenic*," said Cynthia consolingly.

"CAN'T you be kinder to me, Thynthia?" begged Susan. "It's *mean* of you to thcold me! A perthon can't do more than be terribly, terribly thorry—can they?—and retholve never to be bad again? Bethides, Georgie is the only man I ever really loved!"

"I know all about that," said Cynthia, sitting down on the bed. "What does the prince want the money for?"

"How did you know it was him?" asked Susan, round-eyed.

Cynthia murmured, "Oh, God!" and Susan went on with a gasp:

"Well, I don't ecthactly know what he wants it *for*. But he wants it *Monday*."

"Or what?"

"He—he'll go to Georgie. Oh, dear! And then, if Georgie won't give him his old hundred thouthand dollarth, he—he'll go to the *newthpaperth*! But I'd be dead by then, tho it wouldn't really matter. Arthenic, you know."

"Yes, arsenic. But what would he gain by going to the papers?"

"Well, Thynthia, you see, he—he hath thome letters."

"Your letters?"

"Thirteen of them," said Susan. And she sobbed.

"Nice number, thirteen," said Cynthia.

"If I'd only written one more!" said Susan sadly.

Cynthia looked at her sister and hopelessly shook her head.

"When I think that for nine whole years father used to *pay* people to teach *you* how to write!"

"Oh! Now you're being horrid again!" And Susan began to wail.

"Stop shifting gears like that," said Cynthia, "and pay attention."

"Yes, Thynthia."

"This is Thursday. When will your beautiful prince arrive?"

"Tonight, Thynthia. And I don't know *what* I'm going to thay to him."

"Trust that to me."

"You won't tell anybody?"

"We'll leave that to the prince. Now listen. You go and take a hot bath—and put ice on your eyes—and put on your best underwear—and wear a red dress—and simply drench yourself with perfume—and when Georgie comes home, vamp him as you've never vamped before. Give him the works."

"If you let him get away from you so that the prince has a chance at you alone, all is over. You're too dumb to be trusted to talk to him."

At dinner Cynthia got the prince's attention. And when she had got it she played upon it with such effect that she received puzzled glances from her father and Susan began giving her grateful looks. As for Spike, he progressed visibly from astonishment, to sulkiness, to plain rage.

After dinner Spike pounced upon Cynthia. "Say!"



he demanded. "What's the idea of going native about that ham duke?" Cynthia looked thoughtfully at him. "Spike," she said, "what would you say if I told you we were engaged?"

"I'd say," replied Spike promptly, "stay away from that greaser or I'll ruin him!"

Cynthia was reproachful. "But no matter what I did—wouldn't you trust me *blindly*, Spike?"

And she put her arms around his neck and kissed him, which was not playing at all fair.

SPIKE found Mr. Werthering at Miss Mulligan in the card room. "Hello, Spike! Have a drink?"

"No drink," said Spike, sitting down. "You see, Mr. Werthering, me and Cynthia are engaged."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Werthering. "And you've come to ask my consent?"

"Oh, no," said Spike quickly. "I was just letting you know."

"I see," said Mr. Werthering with a smile. "However, Spike, if you *had* asked—I'd have given it! I suppose you're quite wild with happiness?"

Spike started. "Happiness? Oh, sure. That is, I would be if it wasn't for that greasy, sneaking—"

He caught a warning glint in his host's eye.

"—if it wasn't for the good old prince," he finished lamely.

"I take it," said Mr. Werthering carefully, "that the prince has been showing attention to my daughter—I beg pardon—to your fiancée?"

"Plenty!" said Spike. "The worst of it is she made me promise to trust her. Blindly."

"And of course you refused?"

"No," said Spike, "I promised."

"Why, you young ass!" exclaimed Mr. Werthering. "Haven't you sense enough not to trust the girl you love farther than you could fling her?"

"I'd trust Cynthia anywhere!"

"To be sure you would. And quite right, too, I dare say. Even though you don't. But of course you must break your promise. At once."

"She said she'd never forgive me."

"She'll never forgive you if you *don't*."

After dinner Cynthia had momentarily lost track of the prince, and when she had rediscovered him he was so obviously stalking Susan that Cynthia thought, "He'll have her alone in a minute!" And she, in her turn, began following the prince. For a while it was quite a parade.

The prince's pursuit suffered a momentary setback when Susan followed her husband into privacy, evidently to help him brush his teeth. The prince wandered into the conservatory for a cigarette, and Cynthia saw her chance. She whisked in at another door, ran into him, screamed melodiously, and fainted into his arms.

Fainted about what? Well, you'll find the rest of this hilarious story in Liberty next week.

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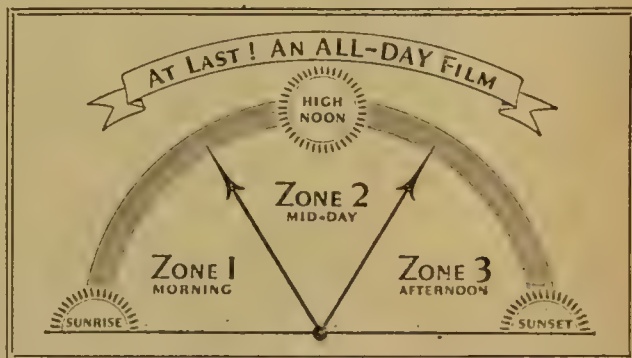
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The FIGHT on

Decorations
by
CLYDE
PRETTYMAN

A Stirring Record of Battle
Out of the Depression and Back

By JAY

(Reading time: 16 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ONE—WE FACE A REVOLUTION!

THE American people are in a state of revolution, and the sooner our editors and legislators realize that fact the better chance the rest of us will have to keep this revolution a bloodless one. The Roosevelt administration has been playing the Constitution like an accordion in an effort to follow the tune which the people have ordered and legislation rolled out of Congress like automobiles from a Detroit assembly plant, and still the revolution is unchecked by the groans of the New York Times or by the stock market's attempts to repeat the Dance of the Seven Veils. The professors of the future may blame it on the war, on machinery, or on sheer human cussedness, but the revolution is here and now, and our job is not to talk about it but to do something about it. That's why we elected President Roosevelt and backed him up with the biggest vote and the greatest power in American history. And that is why Roosevelt is tackling the revolution at its critical point: the farm front.

For Roosevelt has seen that this American revolution must be won on the farm front, and not on the banking front, and not even in the bread lines. Bank failures and unemployment are ghastly, but they are only the symptoms of our disease and not its cause.

To pass along billion-dollar hand-outs to the banks through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or to loot the Mint in order to pay doles to the workless is just about like trying to heal a broken leg by rubbing it with goose fat. Whatever the cause of our economic collapse, its cure must come where the disease started: on the farm.

The American farm problem is making history and remaking America today. Win or lose, the fight to solve it is the test of the power of the American nation to survive. The symptoms of this farm problem are painfully familiar and have been loudly advertised. The farmers owe too much money. Their farms have been mortgaged to the tune of nine billion dollars, and they can't pay principal or interest on this sum at the present prices for what they grow. Their taxes are too high and it costs too much to take their goods to market. They have to pay too much for what they buy. They have been producing too much; too many of them have been encouraged to think of a farm as a sort of cash register, to concentrate on cash crops like corn, hogs, wheat, cotton, and tobacco, while they buy their foodstuffs from the grocery store! Result: cotton which went to under six cents a pound, corn that was cheaper than coal as fuel, wheat at the lowest prices in history, and tobacco not worth hauling to market.

Farm prices are low because the farmer's foreign markets are disappearing. Wheat from Russia, cotton from the Sudan have been hitting the farmer's exports. His home market is not expanding as it did in the days of unlimited immigration. And yet no attempt to make the farmer cut down his production has worked, because whenever farm prices go up we run full tilt into the fact that there is three times as much fertile land in America as is needed to produce all that we can use or export.



the Farm Front

and Progress
to the Land

FRANKLIN

The Agricultural Relief Act passed by the present Congress aspired to make it worth the farmer's while to reduce production, but until the government has the real power as well as the legislative authority to prevent a man from growing what he likes on his own land, farming will never be a good business proposition. And just try forbidding the American farmer to grow what he pleases if prices are right!

And yet, up to now, the government has insisted on treating farming as a business proposition and Congress has always been ready to lie down and roll over whenever the commercial farmers of the West and South say "Good dog!" The farm vote has been used for generations to bully the government into attempting the impossible, and Hoover's fatal experiment with price fixing through the Farm Board (and half a billion dollars of our money) marked the collapse of the Republican effort to make farming pay like a bank. American farming will never pay until this country has a population of four hundred million, and that won't happen for another five hundred years, if ever.

NOT only has the government taken up the wrong end of the farm problem—prices—but it has taken the wrong part of the country. So far as Washington is concerned the only American farmer is the fellow with a grain field and a vote in the Middle West, or—whenever the Democrats are in power—the man with a cotton field and a vote in the Solid South. There is almost no limit to what Congress will do for these men. For generations Congress has done its best and has failed, for, with all due respect to the corn and hog factories of Iowa; wheat mines of the prairies, and cotton beds of Texas, the American farm problem (which means the whole problem of our survival) can never be solved in the West.

This may be treason, but not only the Forgotten Man but the Forgotten Land is the issue today, and that Forgotten Land is the soil of the thirteen original colonies. The West and the deep South today are howling dismally about deflation, as well they may, but the silent farmers of the East have been deflated half a dozen times since the Revolution—like the girl in the story, they have been ruined so often they have lost count—and they have learned a good deal in the process. Therefore the solution of the problem in the East is the only real way to help the West. What helps the West alone too often simply gives the East a pain in the neck, but what helps the thoroughly deflated Eastern farmer will help the Western farmer too.

Only if we go back to the forgotten farmers on the Forgotten Lands of the East can we restore the balance of American life, and even to suggest such a thing is political dynamite.

For the Western farmer is aflame over the injustice of his present fate. His battle against big debts and small prices dominated the recent session of Congress. Over fifty million acres of Western lands are tax-delinquent and forfeit to the local governments. High railway rates are strangling the Western farmer's markets. His banks have been failing and his creditors have been trying to foreclose. It was in 1775 at Lexington, Massachusetts,



that the embattled farmers fired the first shots of the first American Revolution. It was at Sioux City, Iowa, that the embattled farmers of 1932 started the second one. Farm strikes, milk strikes, anti-foreclosure mobs and "penny auctions," threats to lynch the judiciary, organized resistance to taxes and eviction began in Iowa, the most conservative and thoroughly American state in the Union, and have spread from there like a prairie fire. Hats off to Iowa! No red-blooded American can blame the farmers for refusing to be run off their lands and sent to the bread lines.

The result has been dramatic and revolutionary. In the most capitalistic country in the world private creditors have backed down, banks and insurance companies have agreed not to foreclose, state after state has adopted mortgage moratoriums, the Hoover administration—in

its last fishlike gasps—sponsored new bankruptcy laws, and Roosevelt's new dealership handed all the aces in the pack to the farm debtor. Now the Westerners have tasted blood they have forced through Congress new and more radical demands: the inflation of money, which is only a roundabout way of reducing debts, and the increase of prices to the American consumer by the Domestic Allotment Plan and the Processing Tax.

This shows the danger of permitting the Middle West to speak for the American farmer. Because debts and low prices trouble them, they think that all will be rosy if debts are eased and prices raised. They forget that their real trouble is not only the breakdown of purchasing power on their part (due to their own overproduction) but also the collapse of purchasing power on the part of their customers who are now in the bread lines

THE ONE WAY TO PERMANENT NATIONAL RECOVERY

By Senator JOHN H. BANKHEAD of Alabama



ON the first day of the special session of the Seventy-third Congress I introduced a bill making available four hundred million dollars for loans to be used in the purchase of small subsistence farms, necessary farm tools, equipment, and supplies, in order to enable a large number of families stranded by the industrial breakdown to make a living out of the soil.

This bill, with the approval of the Roosevelt administration, proposed the first appropriation of any sort by the federal government which offers permanent relief to the destitute among the American people.

The purpose of the measure is the simple, practical one of putting our unemployed on subsistence farms in order that they may raise their own food rather than eat the bitter bread of charity. At worst it will reduce the total cost of direct relief, and will remove many people permanently from the bread lines and slums of our industrial cities.

Moreover, it should be remembered that here is no proposal to put subsistence farmers in competition with existing commercial farmers. I do not propose to acquire large acreage for subsistence farmers or to encourage them to engage in commercial farming. The proposal is simply to lend funds, under adequate supervision and on adequate security, so as to enable families now destitute in the cities to grow their own food in the country. The farmers of the state which I represent, I know, are neither so selfish nor so hard-hearted as to oppose any practical measure calculated to save state and municipal budgets from bankruptcy and human beings from starvation.

This measure must be applied in a broad national spirit. The emergency overlaps state and sectional boundaries, and relief cannot be confined, as in the past, to state and local agencies. Our population is badly distributed and we must revert to the same broad policies which we applied to the original settlement of this nation. For generations we drained the people out of the East and South to settle the great West. We sold the public domain for a song and subsidized the transcontinental railways which helped to develop it. The old Oregon Trail and the Santa Fe are epics in our history, but they were made possible by a policy which looked beyond state boundaries and regional interests.

The East and South of this country contain millions of acres of fertile, cultivated land which cannot compete economically with the rich soils of the Mississippi Valley or the Far West, but which can produce all the foods necessary to support life. Nations with far poorer soil than that of the Eastern and Southern states of this country have created great agricultural civilizations.

Here, then, is scope for another great migration of the American people, as great as that which populated the Western wilderness in the first century of our national life, as great as that which has drained the country population into the industrial centers during the last thirty years.

No mere shifting from point to point inside counties, states, or even sections will suffice. I should like to see this back-to-the-land measure applied on a truly national scale.

I believe that it is the only wise and permanent solution of an otherwise insoluble problem of relief. I do not believe that the government owes anyone a job or an income, but I do believe that the government owes it to the American people that they be given an opportunity to make their own jobs and work for their own living. And I know that no nation has long survived which cut itself off from the soil and neglected the wealth which the land offers to any man who is willing to work for it.

Finally, I advocate this national policy as a means of ending the two great sectional sentiments which have impeded our national progress.

I refer to the resentment between the South and the North, the East and the West, and to the far subtler and more dangerous resentment between the city and the country.

I see the back-to-the-land movement, therefore, as far more than an act of humanity or even of economic relief. I conceive of it both as representing a new basis for American society, in the restoration of that small yeoman class which has been the backbone of every great civilization, and as marking a new era in our national history, in dooming the narrow spirit of sectionalism and of suspicion which has obstructed our national unity and embittered our political relationships.

Since writing the above I have succeeded, with the cooperation of the President, in securing the adoption of an amendment to the National Recovery Bill recently passed by Congress which marks the beginning of the subsistence homestead plan.

The amendment, now the law, is as follows:

"SUBSISTENCE HOMESTEADS"

"Sec. 208. To provide for aiding the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers \$25,000,000 is hereby made available to the President, to be used by him, through such agencies as he may establish and under such regulations as he may make, for making loans for and otherwise aiding in the purchase of subsistence homesteads. The moneys collected as repayment of said loans shall constitute a revolving fund to be administered as directed by the President for the purpose of this section."

The President will doubtless soon establish necessary agencies for administering this new law.

or on the dole. The masses of the city have suffered enough already without being driven into complete desperation by artificial prices for food, and if every farmer in America were set free of debt today there is no guaranty that he would not tomorrow repeat the same mistakes which have reduced him to his present state of angry despair.

It will require political courage of the highest sort to do it, but the best thing we can do for the big one-crop commercial farmers of the Mississippi Valley is to use the revolution which they have started to save the farmers and workers of the East, and to embark at once on a bold program of taking the American people out of the cities and back on the land on a self-supporting basis.

For that is the only solid remedy for not only the farm problem but for unemployment. It is more than a reform: it is a matter of national survival. We have at least five million people now unemployed who can never be taken back into industry. The question is not whether we shall let them starve: it is whether they will let us let them starve. Americans don't starve quietly. Unless we act quickly we shall face the complete collapse of business, law, and government.

THE Western farmers have had the guts to start the fight against catastrophe. It's up to us to win that fight by putting a curb on commercial farming, by enabling the Eastern farmers to make a living out of the soil, and by taking the bread lines and factories out of the cities and putting them where they belong—back on the land.

A lot of high-pressure thinkers have decided that there's nothing to worry about because this country is "too big for a revolution." No country is too big to experience chaos, and the bigger the country the greater the possible confusion. If New York City's water supply were cut off for twenty-four hours, the city would be destroyed by its fires, which now break out at the rate of one a minute. If Chicago's electric power were switched off, the city would become a madhouse in six hours. If the railways leading to the West were crippled, half the East would starve in six weeks. If unemployment relief were discontinued, looting would break out overnight and the countryside would be ravaged by city marauders in search of food. We would go back to the jungle law so fast that the Russian Revolution would look like a picnic.

We have fifteen million unemployed. Even if industry is running at full tilt we can employ only ten million of the workless. What about the others?

The unemployed are the greatest danger this country has ever faced. If they are not taken care of they will shoot the works. These millions are chiefly in the North and East and we have no regular way of taking care



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

THE THINGS YOU EAT and drink leave seven kinds of stains on your teeth.

Some of these are actual discolorations. Some show themselves only by increasing dullness. But *all* are a threat to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Most dentifrices have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Group No. 1—Starchy foods | Group No. 6—Fruits |
| Group No. 2—Sugar foods | Group No. 7—Beverages— |
| Group No. 3—Protein foods | and tobacco. |
| Group No. 4—Fatty foods | |
| Group No. 5—Mineral foods | |



Some can be rubbed off by scrubbing action. Others respond only to *emulsive* action. A combination of *both actions* removes *all* stains—and from all parts of your teeth.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams! The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

Stop trying to get teeth clean with a dentifrice that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

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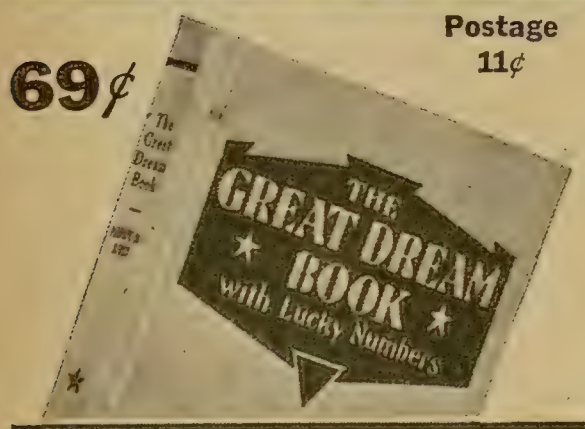


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of them. Charity has run dry. Taxation can't begin to raise the funds to feed them, and today the federal government, with a huge deficit, is undertaking by the Wagner-Costigan-La Follette relief amendment to the Industrial Recovery Act to spend half a billion on relief. The unemployed have organized themselves in emergency exchanges until today over 500,000 people in thirty states are managing to keep alive by bartering labor for food. In Seattle these organized unemployed have already entered city politics, on the radical side, and the pressure of the workless millions is becoming too strong for legislatures to resist.

All sorts of schemes are under way, of which the most important is the labor section of the Recovery Act, with the implication of shorter hours and higher wages, passed by Congress for the control of industry. But the only final way to help the unemployed is to take them off the cash basis and enable them to live on the land. Putting the five million unemployable back on the land is the only solution. Even as temporary relief it makes sense. The present system is incredibly stupid. We raise money for relief by charity or taxes. We then take this money and buy food from the commercial farmers of the West, pay freight and handling charges, and then deliver it to the unemployed in our cities. It's a racket. The sensible plan would be first to send the unemployed to the source of supply, the land, and then to enable them to grow food for themselves.

IT must be done; it can be done; it is being done here and there throughout the East. New York State has tried it and it works. At Miami, Florida, the Rev. Everett S. Smith of the First Christian Church has organized a workable scheme. In June, 1932, he incorporated the National Rehabilitation Corporation, a non-profit concern, and issued trade certificates for the purchase of food-stuffs to be raised by the unemployed. This was to raise funds for the leasing of land; but a large chain-grocery system in Florida agreed to accept these certificates instead of cash, so the purchasers did not have to wait. No charity, you see, but a simple business transaction.

Then the corporation selected families of the unemployed, leased land, and began colonization in hundred-family groups. Small homes were built and furnished, supervisors en-

gaged, and the inexperienced were trained in practical farming. Every house in the colony is equipped with a garden and a chicken run; daily wages are paid in scrip which can be traded at a commissary; schools, etc., are being provided. The profits are divided on a pro-rata basis, but cannot be touched until the end of three years.

If families withdraw from the colony before then they simply lose their share of the profits. At the end of three years each family receives its dividend—a sum sufficient to pay for at least five acres of land, house, furniture, tools, and so on, and the family is rehabilitated. Moreover, 10 per cent of what they raise is distributed free to the unemployed who remain in the city.

Next Week—

Beginning

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By Carlyle R. Robinson

A revelation of things that have never before been told

Also stories and articles by

Henry C. Rowland—J. Lane Linklater—Cyril Hume—W. H. (Bill) Rice—J. P. McEvoy and others

a scheme which can be worked in any large city; it finances itself automatically.

It doesn't cost as much as charity. The famous Red Cross experiment in Greenville County, South Carolina, took forty-two families out of the bread lines and put them back on farms. For \$5,000 two hundred and sixty-four people were made self-respecting and self-supporting. That is less than it would have cost to keep them on the dole for a year. The Red Cross reckoned that the average cost of complete rehabilitation for a family was under \$400. A national appropriation of \$400,000,000 could save a million families from charity and idleness. If all of the four billion dollars authorized by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to help the bankers had been spent on back-to-the-land relief, unemployment would have been wiped out and ten million families permanently relieved.

The time is ripe for a great migration from the bread lines to the farms of the East, and if necessary from north to south in the Atlantic seaboard region. South of the Delaware River the land is fertile and the climate mild. In the Carolinas and in Georgia particularly there is room for thousands of small farmers who are willing to maintain themselves rather than to try to make a fortune on the soil.

Take Orangeburg County, South Carolina, for example. It is typical of the coastal plain, lying in slightly rolling country about halfway be-

tween Charleston and Columbia, on the Edisto River. Soil is both good and bad, population half white and half Negro, the climate excellent, and the people friendly, self-reliant, and conservative. At one time this county used to raise the largest cotton crops in the South. Now the boll weevil and low prices have prostrated the cotton planters. The people have been leaving a land which could be a garden, and the population is declining while independent white farmers are giving place to Negro peasants.

You can't find a starving or destitute farmer in Orangeburg County; but you can't find a happy farmer either. Burdened with debt, their homes forfeit to mortgagees and banks, their tax bills high and their prices low, they are sullen, hopeless, and desperate. They have almost no money; chickens and eggs do for currency at the country stores. Prices went so low that hogs sold for less than a cent a pound. The tax collector doesn't dare stir out of the town limits and the sheriff has been advised not to foreclose. For the first time in generations highway robbery has begun to spread, people are burning houses for insurance, and corn liquor is the only sure-cash crop.

Yet they live in a land which produces everything they need except coal and coffee. They can and do raise collards, cowpeas, velvet beans, scuppernong grapes, soy beans, sugar cane, rice, yams, cotton, tobacco (though they don't like tobacco growing), pecan nuts, wheat, corn, oats, hay, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, squash, peanuts, Irish potatoes, and every variety of truck. Dairy cattle, beef cattle, and fine hogs flourish, as does poultry. They can grow green vegetables the year round. They have their own cotton mill, power plant and refrigeration plant, and a meat-packing establishment as well. There is no reason on God's green earth why the county should not support in reasonable comfort double its present 65,000 population, no reason why tenants should farm half of the soil.

BUT all they can think about is debt, and if you ask what should be done about it you find that they are still thinking in terms of cash rather than of living. Only one man in twenty will tell you that the only solution is for the people to live on the land and support themselves.

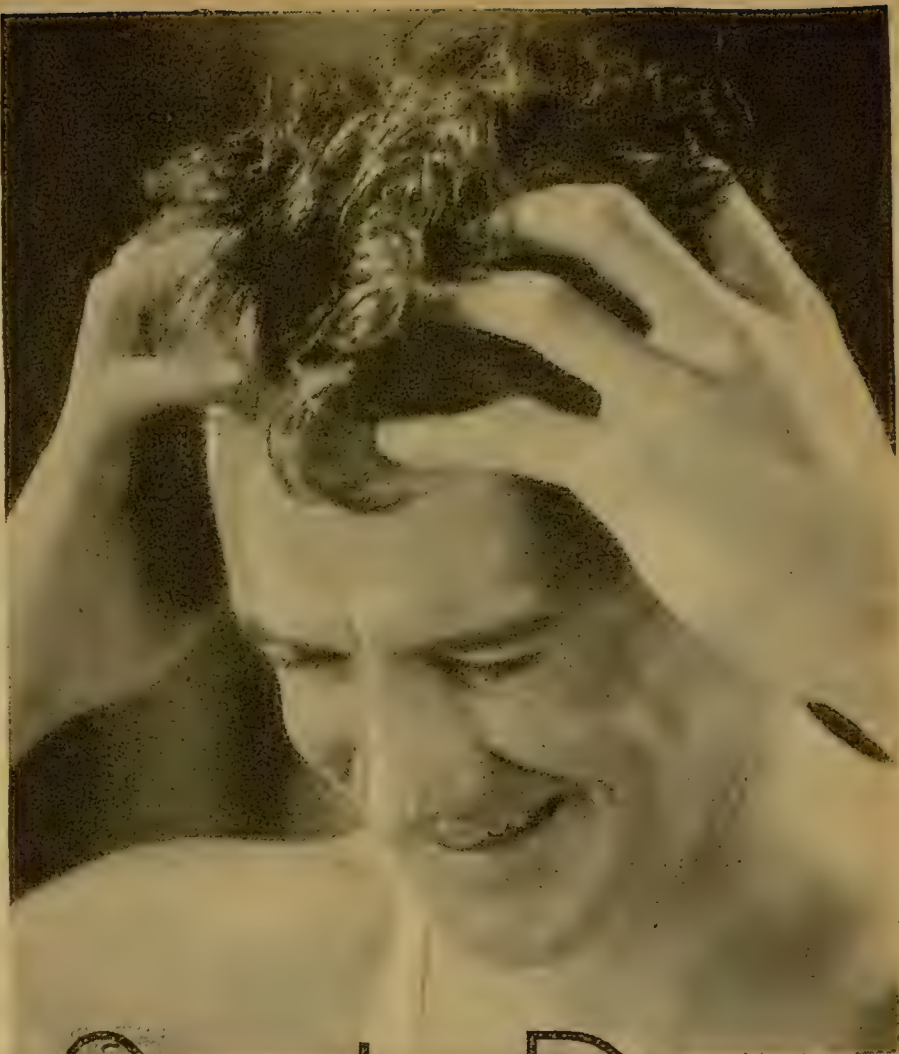
Yet that is the only solution for the farmer, and the colonization of the land by the unemployed on a maintenance-farming basis is the only way in which it can be brought about.

So the South and East must turn their backs on the notion that farming is a money-maker and discover that farming is only a means to keep alive. While the East is in that mood is the time to strike out with a bold plan of colonization. Around Orangeburg there are hundreds of good farms for which their owners are asking prices which range between five and twenty dollars an acre, including buildings and equipment. The average Orangeburg farm is forty acres—an area which can be cultivated with two mules—but there is no reason why twenty- and ten-acre farms should not be established. The cost of putting unemployed city families—taking care to select those with previous farm experience—back on the land is not prohibitive. It could be done throughout the East, in coöperation with the banks and insurance companies which hold title to the land and with the railways, for as low as \$150, and not higher than \$500, a family.

It is already being done. It can be done well and economically, however, only as part of a general regional or national plan. Such plans are already in existence and can be made to work with a minimum of hardship. For this is not a sentimental notion based on the theory that country life is all dewy and divine; it is being forced on America as the price which we must pay for survival. Farm life is bitterly hard. Planning for agriculture on a national basis can remove only some of the risks of the tremendous experiment.

Planning cannot guarantee that this second American Revolution will be pretty or sweet-smelling, and cannot offer us more than a sporting chance of survival. But, after all, that's all our ancestors had.

An article by Mr. Franklin on the great future of the back-to-the-land movement will appear next week.



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Eight o' CA

A Story Bright with Smiles
Romance the

(Reading time: 28 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE sun, after an early-morning promise of splendor, was as tantalizing and fickle as fate. It hid behind a high fog at Los Touras, its light flat as a pancake. It stirred false hopes—then drew its veil again. The director was driven to despair by its antics, and the company returned to the studio without a single scene.

The cast dispersed to dressing rooms; the staff gathered in the director's office to await orders from its high command. The assistant worked dispiritedly, preparing an official report of the day's disasters. Two cameramen, a chief electrician, a property man, and two younger assistants sprawled all over the place.

"Even money we work tonight," said a cameraman.

The property man grunted. "Even money? It's a ten-to-one shot. The boss won't drop behind schedule."

The assistant, top-sergeant of the company, turned from his desk. "The New Year's Eve interiors, probably," he said. "Big stuff. Three hundred people. A hell of a job!"

The property man made a wry face. The New Year's scenes meant whole bagfuls of confetti and streamers and noise-makers. It meant wine bottles filled with charged water; trays of smokes for cigarette girls; stacks of imitation money to be tossed at the orchestra.

A young second camera, perched on a table, chuckled. "Overtime!" he grinned. "My girl gets a birthday present!"

The electrician stirred restlessly. "Aw, I wanted to get home. My wife ain't so well. She's—"

"My kid's in a show tonight. Something at school. I promised—"

The phone rang and they fell silent. "The front office," the assistant murmured before he answered. His pencil scribbled across a pad. He said at intervals, "Right" and "Oke." Then he hung up and swung around. "Well, that's it," he announced. "The New Year's stuff."

"What time?"

"Eight o'clock call. We work through and get rid of the mob. Clear out, you guys. Jimmy and Red stand by."

As he placed his arm around her their eyes met for a long moment.

The second camera jumped from his table. "Overtime!" he murmured. "And how!"

The assistant stayed at his

By M A T T
Illustrations by

Clock LL

and Tears—of a Hollywood Camera Didn't See

desk, giving orders into the phone. Every call pressed a button somewhere. The property room summoned its corps to dress the set. The electrical department called for reinforcements. The generator crew was warned of an impending heavy load. Every office became alive as word was flashed from the desk where the assistant sat at a phone, his eyes almost closed by the smoke of a drooping cigarette, his pencil scribbling across a pad.

"Cavanaugh's shooting tonight—eight o'clock—Stage Three—"

Transportation heard it. Casting heard it. Wardrobe and the lab heard it, and publicity and the cashier's office. It was broken gently to the star in her dressing room. Cafeteria waitresses prepared sandwiches and cars raced downtown for additional supplies of novelties and favors. Jimmy and Red ran endless errands. The assistant's mind seethed with details; the cigarette stubs piled up on a tray.

WORD was relayed to the casting clearing house—and a half dozen clerks lined up at their battery of phones. In an hour they were to recruit, from the thousands of names on the lists of extras, two hundred and fifty assorted guests in evening clothes, twenty waiters, five cigarette girls, a twelve-piece orchestra, four impeccable captains of waiters, and several bus boys and doormen.

"Eight o'clock call—" The news traveled over the wires into cheap rooming houses and luxurious apartments. It reached tiny ranch homes and rows of bungalow courts.

It was answered by eager voices, lazy voices, grateful voices. It reached the furnished apartment where Marjorie Low, formerly of Pough-

Voices were raised above the music, driving them on: "Make it gay!"



T A Y L O R
F R E D H A M I L T O N

keepsie, lived so hopefully; the boarding house of Mrs. Kate Riley, where Bruce Reynolds of New York chanced to be calling; and the three-room bungalow where old Mr. Frederick Tilson, of London originally, lived in melancholy solitude.

The sun, dipping that evening into the Pacific, seemed to bestow a final wink upon the sandy hills of California.

It had hidden behind a high fog all morning, and now, like a mischievous boy who has started something, was going to bed well pleased with itself.

The clerks at the phones worked efficiently. "Miss Marjorie Low? A call to-night for—"

The girl acknowledged and accepted it in the brief stereotyped phrases of the experienced extra. She left off preparing her dinner and began to sew an evening gown where the corsage was ripping. It was her pale-yellow satin—the only dress in her wardrobe still worthy of the camera. Long and plain, it set off her figure and photographed white and lovely. She had tended it carefully, as a good workman should his tools. And along with the dress she often mended the torn places in her hopes, which about this time were as shabby and worn as the satin.

When the gown and her hopes were young together, and both had a bright proud look, she would sit back and dream at moments like these. "Who's that?" she would hear some mythical mogul cry out of the gloom of a projection room. "There—in the foreground? That little blonde? Look at her smile when she throws back her head! Her eyes—see how they crinkle up! Gray, are they? Steel-gray, I bet. Um-m! And her figure—" Then she would see herself mounting in her chariot—a sleek gay roadster—to the heights of Olympus, a hilltop near the sea where she could look down on the city where mere mortals lived.

But always, when the film was shown in the theater, she saw only a fleeting figure, a momentary well dressed, well poised shadow, dancing or dining or smoking in a hotel lounge. A ten-dollar-a-day society type. A "class" extra with clothes. As like a thousand other well dressed, well poised shadows as a Chinese infantryman is like his regiment. Sometimes she lived on promises of screen tests and small parts which were made one day and forgotten the next. Sudden hopes vanished like spilled water on a hot stove. Opportunity knocked—and disappeared like Hallowe'en hoodlums when she flung open the door.

TONIGHT was another big set. No chance to stand out; nothing to hope for—except that she would see Lou Walton again. He was playing the juvenile lead. But meeting him, she told herself sternly, was no reason to hope. She had steered clear of a half dozen Lou Waltons in two years. She would end the thing this night, before it started. She would tell it to him straight, as soon as she saw him.

But at seven he rang the bell of her apartment, and she smiled as he entered.

He threw a flat box on a chair and held both her hands. He smiled—his boyish eager grin on the screen, but not quite boyish and more smug than eager when you saw him like this. "What'll you wear tonight?" he asked.

She looked at him quickly. "Did you know I was working?" she asked.

"I spoke to the assistant about you. Glad to help out



What they had told each other was denied by that kiss.

a swell girl like you." He placed both her hands in one of his and patted them. The gesture drained his words of all kindness. He was paying himself, not her, the compliment; patting his own hand approvingly. "And I've brought you something. I hope it fits."

He untied the box and the girl looked down on shimmering folds of rich black velvet. Black made her skin like ivory and brought out the grace of her arms. She held it in front of her, then laid it quickly aside. Now was the time to tell him. She could put it simply, without preachment or a rush of indignation. But instead she said with a feeble laugh, "I—I guess it'll fit, all right. I guess you're used to buying these."

Well defined eyebrows lifted in amused tribute

to her understanding. His hand brushed aside her meaning as something of no consequence. "We'll knock off work about two o'clock," he said. "There's a party I know will keep going longer than that. I'm going to take you."

"Thanks, Lou, but—"

"There'll be people there you should meet. A girl's got to get around to be seen. I'm trying to give you a start."

She stared at the black velvet and laughed nervously. "I—I'm getting by, Lou. Lots of girls just plug along and get there, you know."

He drew back his head and studied her with faint amusement.

"Yes," he said. "But have you?"

"No. But I—"

"I wanted to help," he said coldly; "but if you don't care about success—"

HER eyes snapped suddenly. The old hopes were too ragged and worn to hold together any longer. "Yes, I want success, Lou," she said. She threw the black gown over her arm. "I—I guess I'd better get dressed." Her voice was low and dull.

He took her hand again and his grip tightened slowly. He held the pressure firm and even, as you press against wax to leave your seal. "Wait for me after we quit work," he said.

Her hand dropped to her side.

The clerks at the phones dialed and checked, dialed and checked. "Eight o'clock call tonight—"

Mrs. Kate Riley answered it in the downstairs hall, coming from the kitchen, where she had been watching a broad-shouldered young man in sleeveless blue sweater and corduroy trousers consume a substantial plate of scrambled eggs.

The call was for her son John, and Mrs. Riley was about to announce that young Mr. Riley had just recently found employment in Bakersfield and was no longer at home, when she remembered the young man eating eggs. She placed a hand over the mouthpiece, said "Hm-m" a couple of times, and then accepted for Mr. Riley.

Returning to the kitchen, she frowned at her visitor appraisingly. He caught her eye and looked away hurriedly. Mrs. Riley's severe frown had fooled older and better men.

She noted with approval that his spoon was resting on the saucer and not sticking from his coffee cup—which was more than could always be said of her John

—and that he touched his lips with a surprisingly clean handkerchief instead of rubbing them with a sleeve. When he had first knocked at Mrs. Riley's door she had seen a well built, dark-haired young man with a defiant glint in his eye. There was more defiance in his voice when he asked for work. But now when he lapsed, off guard, his face softened. The more she studied him the more she instinctively liked him. Mrs. Riley had great faith in her instincts. She said "Hm-m" again.

He pushed back his plate and said, "Thanks. Thanks a lot. And now, if you'll let me cut the lawn for this—"

"A boy cut it yesterday," said Mrs. Riley curtly, "and another the day before that."

"Then I'll wash your windows."

"They were washed last week," she replied. "Twice."

He stood up and smiled. Mrs. Riley had him fooled no longer. She could scowl all she liked. "I see," he said softly.

"SIT down!" commanded Mrs. Riley as fiercely as she was able. "I want to know," she said solemnly, "what you would do if you had ten dollars?"

He looked Mrs. Riley over—her thin, tired face; her bone-rimmed glasses held together by string; her faded house dress; and her hard red hands. He looked past her into the bleak and scantily furnished living room. "Drink it up, probably," he said pleasantly. "Thanks just the same."

Mrs. Riley colored slightly. "None of your nonsense!" she warned. "I want to know what you'd do if you earned ten dollars?"

"That's different," he said, chuckling. "Well, let's see. First I'd buy a present. Some fine silk stockings or—"

"Young man," she cried, "I want no impudence! I'd a mind to help you out, but now"—she tossed her head at him—"now I won't."

He sighed and picked up the white sailor hat he wore.

"Will you wait a minute!" she said, leaning across the kitchen table and trying again to glare him down. "Did you ever in your life wear a dress suit?"

His eyes widened. "Quite often," he said. "When I had my job in New York. That was when—"

"I thought so!" interrupted Mrs. Riley triumphantly, folding her arms. "I thought you were different from the rest."

"But I'm not!" he said, his voice going bitter. "I'm no different. Just a vag. A vag who manages to shave and keep his shirt clean. No home; no prospects—and not worrying about it."

"You've worn a dress suit!" said Mrs. Riley accusingly.

He nodded. "But never to earn ten dollars," he said.

"This is different," she told him gruffly. "It's the movies." She led the way into the living room. "The

"I use it myself to STOP DANDRUFF"

says a DOCTOR* from down South

* He wrote one of the hundreds of enthusiastic letters we've received about the Packer Treatment for dandruff.

1

A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK

with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine — both beneficial to the scalp. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.



2

ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY

with Packer's Scalptone

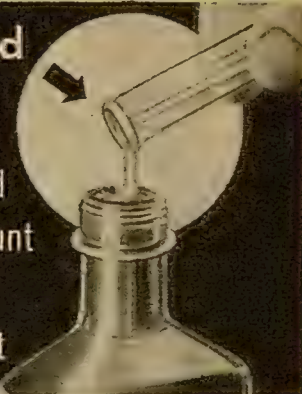
Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub it in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.



Note patented
Oil Tube

If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it



AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, write us—we'll cheerfully return the purchase price if you'll tell us how much you paid.



PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

①

Shampoo with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

once a week

②

Massage with

PACKER'S SCALPTONE

every day

suit'll fit you—you're no bit broader than my John. And I'll give you some cards of his, if they ask any questions."

"What do I do?"

"As near as I can learn," she grumbled, "you sit around and walk past a camera and they give you ten dollars."

At the foot of the stairs he stopped her. His voice was low. "Oughtn't you find out first," he said, "what I'll do with the money?"

Standing on the second step her eyes were level with his. "Well?" she said. "What?"

"I'll start for El Paso tonight by bus instead of by freight."

"What for?"

"I met a man there when I passed through three months ago. He said he and I might—might go into business together. This morning I decided. I might as well do it."

"What kind of a business?" demanded Mrs. Riley.

The defiant glint came back into his eyes. He paused and met her gaze firmly. "Not an honest one," he said quietly. Then he smiled feebly. "I thought I'd tell you. The dinner will set better."

Mrs. Riley cocked her head at him. Her lips parted, then closed again.

"Yes—I know," said the young man quickly to forestall her. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. Perhaps I am—but it doesn't matter any more."

Her eyes flashed on him. "Is it any affair of mine," she demanded angrily, "what you do with your money?"

She climbed the stairs, her feet wide apart and flatly planted with each step, her hand grasping the rail.

"Besides," she grumbled over her shoulder, "I don't know what on earth you're talking about. And if I did," she added, turning upon him as she reached the landing, "I wouldn't believe a word of it!"

"Sorry," said the young man simply. "But I decided this morning."

FIVE of the clerks had gone home. The last was phoning wearily: "A call tonight for—"

Mr. Tilson answered it, grumbling at the interruption all the way to the phone. He was quite busy. His plans for the evening were carefully and definitely laid. He intended to glide out of this world into the next. Or to shuffle, or leap, or float out—depending upon the sensation induced by the contents of a two-ounce bottle he had obtained that morning.

But when the voice waited for his answer he mumbled his acceptance instinctively, according to those ancient and honorable traditions of the stage which say that the real trouser is ever ready to answer his call. Mr. Tilson accepted with as much dignity as though the call boy of His Majesty's Theatre were knocking respectfully at his dressing-room door. Then he shuffled back to his desk, abusing himself roundly for his stupidity.

"I shall call them at once," he said, sinking into his chair and talking out loud in the manner he had acquired these recent years. "I shall call back and announce that I am indisposed."

But he postponed this action temporarily and returned to his task of systematically going over his personal papers. A little brown bottle with a sinister label was at his elbow, and this Mr. Tilson removed more safely to one side. He was almost through his pile of letters and a near-by basket was half filled with the carefully torn scraps of them. In his closet was a sizable tin box packed with more papers which Mr. Tilson, strangely enough, seemed to have forgotten.

He coughed, brushed a thinning wisp of gray hair from his tall forehead, and contracted bushy brows over the next letter. It was a recent one from a former manager of his, informing him that the stock season in Butte was atrocious. Since the company was to close the following week, it was obviously quite impossible to offer Mr. Tilson an engagement. Mr. Tilson read all this aloud, and repeated the last line with fine and resonant sarcasm:

"Since you seem to be making a living in pictures, I suggest you stay where you are."

Mr. Tilson gave a snort worthy of the old-time drama.

"Making a living!" he said. "Extra work! And"—he smiled grimly as he remembered a line from an old comedy—"damn' little of that!" He tore this letter most thoroughly. "Yes," he mused. "I am quite certain. It is no longer worth while. I shall do the dignified thing."

The next paper was a bill, which Mr. Tilson stared at in surprise, since he had thought himself entirely clear of debt. He had acquired scruples with the years. Tonight's adventure had already been postponed two weeks on account of a small matter of overdue rent.

And now here was this bill: "Laundry—six dollars and thirty cents." In Mr. Tilson's pockets were some three dollars. He became thoughtful, then arose. "Very well," he said firmly. "I shall accept tonight's engagement. A few hours more or less—"

He walked to the closet where his evening clothes of outmoded cut were hanging in solitary grandeur. Lifting them out, he turned and addressed himself to his desk, where a little brown bottle with a sinister label stood in a corner. "I shall return," he announced solemnly. "I shall return later tonight."

THE big domed building was well filled by eight. Dowagers, princely young men, languid ladies, and doughty waiters sat on benches and boxes near the set while lights were tested and moved and tested again. Workmen in overalls overran the place like spring cleaners interrupting a formal ball. The orchestra, tuned long ago, waited restlessly. Flirtations, arguments, and bridge started half-heartedly.

The set was ornate and gaudy. In the dull half light it was musty as a birthday cake long stale. Only under the magic glare of the big incandescents did it spring to life. The smell of fresh paint went unnoticed then; the furniture took on a look of newness; thin muslin on the tables changed to stiffly starched linen; and callow young men patting their brows with powder pads became debonair gentlemen of society.

Mr. Tilson sat on a bench, turned sidewise away from the flow of feminine chatter beside him. His decision that it was not worth while was being confirmed with each passing minute. If things were different—if he could still play parts worthy of him; if there were any cronies in this strange world; if his wife had lived, or his son, who had fallen at Gallipoli—The procession of "ifs" was interrupted by a loud commanding voice: "Places, please! . . . Fill these tables. . . . Some people near the entrance. . . . Another waiter here."

Mr. Tilson arose like a soul released from a purgatory of waiting to a doubtful and scarcely better heaven. He strode through the suddenly active throng, careful of the maze of cables beneath his feet, and paused at a table.

A lone girl was sitting there—a blonde girl with steel-gray eyes who wore a black velvet gown. She sat smoking, ignoring him. Mr. Tilson decided she was not chattery. "May I?" he asked.

She hardly raised her eyes. "Of course," she answered.

A commanding voice came over his shoulder as he sat down. "One more at this table. A man. Here—you'll do."

The broad-shouldered youth in Mr. Riley's dinner coat, who was walking about with a confused look, turned. He nodded to Mr. Tilson, who raised his eyebrows and moved his head slightly. To the girl in black the young man murmured a good evening.

She looked up with a start. "Hello," she said, and smoked again.

The young man crushed one cigarette and lit another. His initial interest in his surroundings was over; he was oblivious to the confusion around him. His mind was projected into the future, trying to pin it down. It eluded him, and he found it did not matter. Unbelievable two years ago, but terribly true now! He was like a fighter after a beating, still smarting, too punch-dazed to care. A single blow had broken him. The firm had failed, crumbling into nothing. His firm. He had given it the loyalty and devotion that other boys give to family and school. It had failed—like Gibraltar crumbling into the sea.

"You're new, aren't you?"

He turned toward the girl with an impatient answer ready. But he hesitated, and something went out of his

eyes for a moment. Something Mrs. Riley had seen disappear as she watched him across her kitchen table. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"Your make-up's bad. But you'll get used to it."

"I'm afraid not," he said sharply. "I won't put it on again. I—I'm quitting."

The girl smiled. "Had enough?"

He nodded. "Plenty. I'm through."

Mr. Tilson, who had been staring at the tablecloth, seemed to hear them for the first time. "Exactly!" he said softly.

Someone came with paper hats and colored streamers and horns. Mr. Tilson, who had a rendezvous with a little brown bottle in his apartment later, adjusted a flaming red helmet nicely on his gray head. Miss Marjorie Low, whose rendezvous with Lou Walton was of a different sort, wore an orange-and-black bonnet jauntily. Mr. Bruce Reynolds, soon to embark on a career with a thick-necked gentleman who knew all the tricks of car stealing, drew something that resembled a gaudy bathing cap. And, thus adorned, the three of them sat in silence and waited.

A HALF hour later they made a scene. They switched on their gayety with the lights. They drank a toast of charged water from a champagne bottle. The girl blew a horn and threw her arms about Mr. Tilson, while he raised his glass unsteadily. The young man watched with a set grin.

An assistant hurried over afterward, shaking his head. "More pep," he said. "It's New Year's Eve! Put something in it. Celebrate! Here—the old gentleman gets up to make a speech. Dignified drunk, you know. You others laugh him down."

Mr. Tilson nodded. Once he had been carried from a hospital bed to the wings to answer his cue, but now he seemed almost too tired to move. Yet, when the scene started, he got to his feet. He mumbled drunkenly. People were laughing all around him. His mind was blank. Then he started to talk. His own words surprised him. The flow of speech came smoothly. Richelieu, was it? Or Ibsen? No—The Gay Cavalier. Of course!

He sat down again. Vaguely he heard the young man across the table. "I remember that," he was saying. "Second act of Gay Cavalier."

Mr. Tilson's bushy eyebrows went up severely. "Third act," he corrected.

The young man shook his head. "Sorry. But I remember. I was only a kid, but I remember. I saw it in New York. It was in nineteen nineteen."

"Nineteen twenty in New York," said Mr. Tilson sharply.

"Nineteen. Really. It was the year my dad died. I remember the man who played that part. Funny how some things stick. He was a great actor."



Clothes washed this way last much longer ...you save lots of money!

WHY scrub clothes these sweltering days—why boil them and fill up the kitchen with steam? *Keep comfortable—keep cool!* Just *soak* the clothes in creamy Rinso suds, and they'll come 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely.

In fact, clothes washed the gentle, "scrubless" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Your colored clothes will stay bright and fresh. You'll save your strength—save your hands, too.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning.

*It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
—white or colors*



The biggest-selling package soap in America

Mr. Tilson leaned forward. "I beg pardon?" he murmured.

"I said the man who played that part on Broadway was a great actor."

The old gentleman's fingers tapped the table.

"Really?" he said softly. "You remember his performance?"

"Sure I do. But it was in 'nineteen."

Mr. Tilson raised his head and stared at the roof of the stage. "It is barely possible," he said quietly, "that I have forgotten."

There was to be a new scene, and the revelers were dismissed while the cameras were moved. The young man looked about him uncertainly, and followed the crowds to the open doors. The girl had already disappeared, but he passed her near the cameras. She was standing beside an actor who was talking to her. The actor smiled faintly and patted her hand.

Outside people were strolling on the lawns. The young man saw the erect figure of Mr. Tilson moving about in the distance, alone.

When shrill whistles blew, they herded back. Some were sent to the low balconies; the rest were told to dance. The young man moved swiftly toward the cameras. The actor had gone and the girl in black stood alone.

"Everyone has to dance," he said, and she nodded disinterestedly.

They were to rehearse it first. The music started, and as he placed his arm around her their eyes met for a long moment. Something passed between them in that look—an awareness of each other. A complete thaw of the crust of strangeness, that melted also some of the bitterness inside them.

Commanding voices were raised above the music, driving them on: "Keep it going, folks! . . . Throw that confetti. . . . Now stop dancing when the clock strikes. It's midnight! Ring in the new and that sort of thing. . . . Make it gay, folks!"

The young man smiled down at her, and she threw back her head and laughed. Her eyes crinkled up when she laughed that way. His arm held her tighter. A perfume reached him faintly and he lowered his head until his cheek brushed her hair. "Make it gay!" he heard her say, with a thin laugh. They whirled on.

THIS was incredible, he thought. Incredible that last night he should be lodging in a Main Street mission and tonight dancing with such a girl. Life turned topsyturvy these days. A well groomed man from a broker's office, too proud to stick it out among people he knew, became a wandering vagabond. The vagabond borrowed a dinner coat and danced with a lovely stranger in a make-believe world where they manufactured gayety. And tomorrow—

She looked up. "You're not gay!" she said.

A whistle blew then and the music stopped. They started again, with the cameras this time, whirling faster, breaking through the colored streamers that fell from balconies and twined around them, dodging little bursts of confetti.

"This is fun," said the young man. "Good fun."

"That's because you're new. After two years you get fed up."

"Then why do you stay?"

The sharpness of her voice startled him: "I'm going to be a success. I've made up my mind. That's what I want most of all, you see."

"Some day, I suppose," he said, "I'll see your picture on the billboards. Then I'll write you a fan letter. Will you remember me?"

"Yes," she answered simply. "I'll remember."

"I'll remember, too. Funny—how sure I am of that. It's—it's just a feeling."

"I know," the girl said.

He gave a laugh. "Nothing fits together!" he said. "We meet like this—when it doesn't matter. Why weren't there ever any girls like you two years ago? There weren't, you know. I looked."

Their voices had softened. Hers reached him faintly: "You don't find important things when you look for them, I guess. I guess they just come."

"Like our meeting tonight?"

"That isn't important," she answered quickly. "I won't see you again."

"No," he said. "I'm going away. I've decided."

"Even if you stayed I wouldn't see you again."

"There's someone else?"

"Yes—someone else."

"That actor?"

She looked up.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I saw him talking to you. I—I saw the way he looked at you."

She bowed her head again quickly. "Oh!" she said.

A GONG sounded and the dancing stopped. They stood there facing each other, waiting in a far corner of the room for the last note of twelve. It came, and with it shouts and bells and whistles and horns. Far-away cameras were photographing a scene of splendor.

Confetti rained; streamers hung about the young man in

the borrowed dinner coat and the girl in the gown Lou Walton had bought.

His arm was still around her. "Ring in the new," he said quietly.

"And that sort of thing," said the girl.

She knew he was going to kiss her. He knew her lips would be raised. Whatever they had told each other and themselves was denied by that kiss. Their lips, meeting, had the truth on them.

The young man drew back. His eyes were upon her calmly. "You were wrong," he said evenly. "It is important—our meeting tonight."

"Yes," she said quietly. "I know."

They escaped somehow amid the bustle and confusion. A sleepy watchman eyed them as they stepped from the stage. There was a walk between thick trees.

"When we get back to town," he said, "I want to take you some place where we can sit and talk. I've a dollar. Mrs. Riley lent it to me. I want to tell you about Mrs. Riley. I want to tell you about two years ago. And that trip tomorrow. Because I'm not going to take it now—even if there is that—that someone else."

Small dressing rooms were set back from the path. In front of one stood a low rakish roadster, sleek and shining. It was Lou Walton's car. She had seen it often flashing about town, with Lou Walton in it and some girl beside him. Some girl she knew or had heard talked about.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

P	Y	T	I	★	●	E	G	S	P
O	S	S	N	T	H	E	N	Y	R
L	S	E	I	E	R	A	M	A	I
D	C	E	H	D	M	A	H	D	N
Y	I	S	D	T	T	A	I	D	O
L	A	N	L	R	M	N	N	O	T
L	I	W	I	A	H	E	I	F	C
F	H	G	Y	D	E	S	N	E	I
O	G	O	N	R	S	R	A	I	D
N	U	E	I	F	T	E	B	W	T

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once.

Start at the ●

Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

"Even if you did go away," she answered, smiling, "there wouldn't be that someone else—now."

Mr. Frederick Tilson, of London originally, entered his apartment late that night in some haste. He strode to the closet and lifted a sizable tin box.

Its contents he dumped unceremoniously on the desk, and seating himself he rummaged eagerly among old programs and clippings.

"Ah!" he said, talking to himself, as was his custom. "We'll see, now. . . . Adelphi Stock Company, Utica. . . . Ah! The old Majestic. Peter Ibbetson, I believe. . . . Here we have it! 'The Gay Cavalier,' with Frederick Tilson. Beginning November fifth, nineteen nineteen, at the . . ."

He leaned back in his chair. "By George!" he said. "I really had forgotten!"

He coughed, smoothed back his hair, and chuckled. "Remembered my performance, did he? Remembered it for twelve years!"

His hand trembled as he unfolded a clipping. "Ah! This critic seems to agree: 'The artistry of Mr. Tilson lifts the play from . . . And here's The Great Divide . . . and the Drury Lane in London. Nineteen four, that was. . . . Where's Macbeth? That was in 'ninety-nine, if I remember. I believe one critic compared me to—"

It was here that Mr. Tilson realized that a small brown bottle, far in a corner of his desk, had been tipped on its side by the weight of old papers.

He lifted it gingerly between two fingers and dropped it in the basket by his side.

"Upon my soul!" he cried softly, as he returned to the torn and faded programs. "I had forgotten!" He sat there, smiling faintly. The yellowed souvenirs of the past completely covered his small desk. Buried underneath them were such depressing items as today's mail. . . .

It was almost dawn when Bruce Reynolds, late of New York, and Marjorie Low, of Poughkeepsie and Hollywood, stood in front of an apartment building.

For a while they were silent as the night.

Then the young man spoke softly. "Funny, isn't it?" he said. "Funny how all of a sudden the future can become so important?"

The girl did not answer. She was not thinking of the future, or the past.

Infinitely better than either of these was the strangely beautiful now. She put her cheek against young Mr. Riley's dinner coat.

Just about this time the sun, which had hidden behind a fog the day before and tantalized people to a state of despair, peeped on the horizon. Coming up, no doubt, to see how things were going.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is ocher?
- 2—Where is the Simplon Tunnel?
- 3—What is a deodar?
- 4—What is the meaning of *savoir-faire*?
- 5—Who was the author of the novel Lord Jim?
- 6—Who was Virginia Dare?
- 7—What was the Long Parliament?
- 8—In what states is garnet found?
- 9—What is the fauces?
- 10—What is the ovenbird?
- 11—Who was Francisco José de Goya?
- 12—What is a *de facto* government?
- 13—Who were the Teutonic Knights?
- 14—What is the estimated area of the Pacific Ocean?
- 15—Who were the sans-culottes?
- 16—What is privet?
- 17—Who was Thomas Bailey Aldrich?
- 18—Who is Vishnu?
- 19—Who is credited with coining the phrase, "almighty dollar"?
- 20—Who was called "the boy orator of the Platte"?

(Answers will be found on page 46)



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Takes Pains Washing a Sweater
Gives no Care to her Teeth and Gums
. . . and she has "Pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl values her sweaters so highly that nothing could induce her to wash one hurriedly or carelessly.

Wouldn't you think she'd take an equal amount of trouble to keep from having dingy, grayish-looking teeth?

Her teeth look noticeably uncared-for because her gums are flabby and tender. She has "pink tooth brush."

What about your own teeth and gums? Are your teeth sparkling white when you smile? Are your gums hard and healthy?

It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common complaint. Modern foods are too soft to exercise our gums. Naturally they become soft and tender—betray a tendency to bleed.

And not only may "pink tooth brush" dull the teeth—but it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyor-

rhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To be rid of it—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

Thirty days with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will be brighter, your gums harder. You won't be bothered by "pink tooth brush."

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-732, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.



STARS, BARS, ar

A Cast of Celebrities, a Cinderella of the Slums, a Social Tragedy, and Some Business Charmers in the New Films



John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, and Madge Evans in a scene from the finely acted *Dinner at Eight*.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 48 seconds.)

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ DINNER AT EIGHT

CAST: Carlotta Vance, Marie Dressler; Larry Renault, John Barrymore; Dan Packard, Wallace Beery; Kitty Packard, Jean Harlow; Oliver Jordan, Lionel Barrymore; Max Kane, Lee Tracy; Dr. Wayne Talbot, Edmund Lowe; Mrs. Oliver Jordan, Billie Burke; Paula Jordan, Madge Evans; Jo Stengel, Jean Hersholt; Mrs. Wayne Talbot, Karen Morley; Hattie Loomis, Louise Closser Hale; Ernest De Graff, Phillips Holmes; Mrs. Wendel, May Robson. Directed by George Cukor.

In this case the play is decidedly *not* the thing; it's the players. True, there is a plot, a thin, tenuous plot that becomes less and less important as the play moves on. What story there is concerns the efforts of a snooty society lady to throw a dinner in honor of Lord and Lady Something-or-Other, who never arrive. The whole play is a mosaic of little scenes involving the various characters, who never once get together in a grand ensemble. These individual scenes, enacted by a cast that reads like Burke's Peerage of Movieland, make the show.

Lionel Barrymore, the husband of Billie Burke, is a shipping magnate about to lose his property to Wallace Beery, a vulgar financial racketeer married to the glamorous but equally vulgar Jean Harlow. Wally is invited because of his power and Jean is all hopped up to be crashing society.

Marie Dressler is an old theatrical battle-ax, a former sweetie of Lionel. She's invited for sentimental reasons. Madge Evans, Lionel's daughter, is betrothed to Phillips Holmes, but she's secretly having an affair with Jack Barrymore, a vain, hard-drinking movie actor who had hit the skids with the advent of talkies. He's invited as a "celebrity," but suicides when Lee Tracy, his agent, tells him the truth about his failure.

Edmund Lowe, Lionel's doctor, is married to Karen Morley but is naughty with Jean Harlow. With so many stars appearing, individual notice is impossible, but perhaps the most surprising thing is the way Jean Harlow stacks up with the best of them.

★★ LADY OF THE NIGHT

CAST: Mary, Loretta Young; Leo, Ricardo Cortez; Tom, Franchot Tone; Sam, Andy Devine; Bunny, Una Merkel; District Attorney, Frank Conroy; Angelo, Warren Hymer; Tindle, Ivan Simpson; Puggy, Harold Huber; Blimp, Sandy Roth; Barbara, Martha Sleeper; Clerk, Charles Grapewin; Churchill, Halliwell Hobbes; Cop, Robert Emmett O'Connor. Directed by William Wellman.

This is the grand old story of the little slum Cinderella who loses her fight against poverty and crime only to be rescued at the gallows by Prince Charming. Loretta Young and Una Merkel are social dregs in Manhattan. Picked up by Ricardo Cortez and Warren Hymer, young crooks, the girls become their molls. Prison is their secondary home. Twice Loretta breaks away from the gang to go straight, but she can't find work. The crooks go up in the world and plan a big deal in a gambling palace. During the shooting Loretta is rescued by Franchot Tone, rich young lawyer. Love. Loretta gets a stenographic job. Cortez decides to "get" Tone and Loretta kills him. Trial. Conviction. Tone turns noble



Lady of the Night is a thriller. The photo shows Ricardo Cortez, Loretta Young, and Franchot Tone.

OFF THE

By HARRIET

THE ever amusing Tom Geraghty describes in a letter the sartorial rivalry between Fairbanks Senior and Junior. Seems that all the way across on the swanky liner Europa the two Dougs ran each other a race for the title of best dressed man. Geraghty went on to say that the Europa was swell, what with "moving pictures, a sun bath, dog kennels, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, a fine bar, and good cigars." Couldn't tell it from Pick-fair, he added.

A gossip sheet reported a romance between cherubic-faced filmogul Winfield Sheehan and Janet Gaynor, whose film destiny he has guided from the beginning of her career. Story was absurd, but it brought a swarm of reporters. Winnie, being a gentleman, couldn't deny it; and Janet, out of sheer deviltry, wouldn't.

Alice White and Peggy Joyce came to bitter words over Don Alvarado when Alice and Don were in San

and SIRENS

By ROB
WAGNER

and wins new trial by announcing that Loretta killed to save him. Clinch.

★★ JENNIE GERHARDT

CAST: Jennie Gerhardt, Sylvia Sidney; Lester Kane, Donald Cook; Letty Pace, Mary Astor; Senator Brander, Edward Arnold; William Gerhardt, H. B. Warner; Mrs. Gerhardt, Louise Carter; Vesta (age six), Cora Sue Collins; Archibald Kane, Walter Walker; Robert Kane, Theodor von Eltz; Louise Kane, Dorothy Libaire; Vesta (age seventeen), Gilda Storm; Ada, Greta Meyer. Directed by Marion Gering.

This picture wins despite two serious handicaps—a sad, low-pitched story and the pictorial ugliness of clothes and settings in the early years of the present century. To which might be added the difficulty present-day audiences have understanding the terrific social tragedy of people living out of wedlock.

Sylvia Sidney is a housemaid. Donald Cook, son of the rich employer, goes lightly on the make, but finally



A scene from *Jennie Gerhardt*, showing Greta Meyer, Cora Sue Collins, and Sylvia Sidney.

SCREEN— PARSONS

Francisco with the Dinner at Eight company and Peggy was making personal appearances in the same city. The three dined at the same club. Peggy wanted Don to take her home. Alice, who had arrived with him, claimed prior rights. Don said nothing. Alice won.

Low-down on Al Jolson's return to Warners after all the harsh words he and the Brothers Warner have exchanged: studio wanted to sign Al's spouse, Ruby Keeler, after her success in 42nd Street; Al objected because he wanted her free to travel with him. Studio solved problem by signing Al to do Wonderbar, his stage success. They got Ruby too.

Most harassed man in Hollywood is the Thalberg gardener. Norma and Irving postponed their sailing date several times, and each time the anxious gardener tore up the Thalberg garden and replanted it so it would be in bloom on their return.



Lyle Talbot, Loretta Young, and Regis Toomey in *She Had to Say Yes*, showing charmers in business.

falls in love, setting her up in a fine apartment as his mistress. The family blows up and Donald defiantly proposes honorable marriage, only to learn that Sylvia has a baby by the late Senator Brander. With old-fashioned conventionality, he leaves. Lonesome, he returns, accepting the child. His father now disinherits him and he and Sylvia go to Europe.

Comes Mary Astor, socialite, out of his past and makes him realize what a mess he's made of life. Sylvia gracefully withdraws and lets him marry Mary. Rehabilitation, fame—but unhappiness. Donald is stricken and on his deathbed sends for Sylvia. He tells her that she is the only one he has ever really loved. That's all Sylvia wants to know. Donald dies but Sylvia is happy in her grief.

★ SHE HAD TO SAY YES

CAST: Florence, Loretta Young; Maizee, Winnie Lightner; Daniel, Lyle Talbot; Tommy, Regis Toomey; Luther Haines, Hugh Herbert; Sol Glass, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Birdie, Suzanne Kilborn; Mrs. Haines, Helen Ware; Office Boy, Harold Waldridge. Directed by Busby Berkeley and George Amy.

The cluck-'n'-suit house of Ferdinand Gottschalk is having hard sledding. The out-of-town buyers are fed up on the stale charms of the same old customers' girls who are used as bait to get business. So Ferdie switches to his stenographers, one of whom is Loretta Young, on-the-side sweetie of Regis Toomey, department head. Comes Lyle Talbot to town. Loretta is told off (by Regis, mind you) to entertain him. Dinner. Would she take dictation in his hotel room? Old gag, but she'll take a chance. Lyle goes on the make. Loretta indignant. Ah, a pure gal at last! Lyle falls in love. Then out of love. Then in again. First thinking she's pure and then a tramp. Back and forth like a shuttlecock of men's suspicious passions. Even Regis takes a hand. A varietist himself, he is perfectly indignant when he suspects Loretta of going too far. Isn't that just like a man? It's all a bit bewildering to Loretta and confusing to the spectator, but through the confusion we learn how sex rears its pretty head in competitive business.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom.

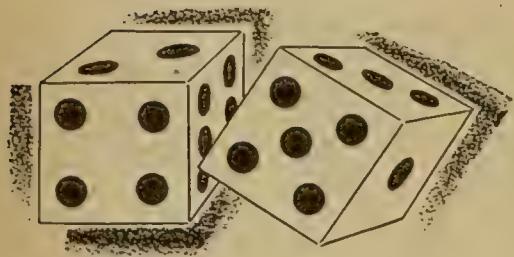
★★★—Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million.

Sky

Why Some Ocean Flyers Succeed and Others Fail—
A Survey of Life-and-Death Mistakes Which
Have Brought Disaster

Gambling

By CAPTAIN GEORGE R.
POND



(Reading time: 14 minutes 55 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Pond is a veteran of American aviation; he first flew in 1910. He is an expert ocean navigator, with unlimited license as such for ocean-going steamships of unlimited tonnage. He has flown, in air miles, the equivalent of thirty times around the world. The late Admiral W. A. Moffett pronounced him one of the best pilots he had ever had in the navy; both General William Mitchell and Sir Hubert Wilkins have said that they consider him one of the best pilots in the world today. He is well qualified to write of the gamblers of aviation, many of whom he has trained.

SCREAMING like a living thing in torment! Two tons of tortured metal, wood, and fabric spinning crazily to the left; hurtling down through the rain-drenched darkness of two miles of storm clouds, somewhere over Connecticut, at between two and three hundred miles an hour.

In the murky cockpit were two tense, nervous human beings trying to grow pinfeathers for angel wings, eyes glued to vibrating instruments, one struggling to regain control—with death waiting just ahead. From ten thousand feet—two miles—to a scant two thousand feet from Mother Earth in less than a minute.

I cut the engine and slowly and cautiously kicked on the right rudder to stop the spin, easing back on the elevators to bring her out of the resulting straight nose dive with the minimum amount of strain on the structure; for we had more than eighteen hundred pounds of extra load, over three hundred gallons of extra gasoline in the big main cruising tanks, to simulate actual flying conditions as Bill Ulbrich, the pilot, might be expected to find them should he hit tough going in European waters.

The ship was the American Nurse, in which Dr. Leon M. Pisculli, famous Italian surgeon; Miss Edna Newcomer, former chorus girl, student nurse, and co-pilot; William Ulbrich, young Danish pilot; and the mascot, Tail Wind, a baby American ground hog, hoped to be first to fly nonstop from New York to Rome. I was striving to teach Bill navigation and blind flying in dark stormy weather.

Slowly the sturdy old Bellanca leveled off in horizontal flight—according to our instruments. Bill and I were just two lone beings in a dark universe of water and sound.

"Rotten! Lemme try it again," yelled Bill. "We'd have crashed if you hadn't pulled her out for me."

Slowly I opened the throttle, and at one hundredth part of the speed of our screaming downward flight we plodded laboriously back up to the 10,000-foot level—to do the same thing all over again.



U. & U. News photo

Captain Pond in flying togs.

But although we spent some twenty-five hours of grueling drill and heart-breaking effort, Bill never got to the point where he could fly blind, entirely by instruments, for more than five or six minutes if he struck rough air. I doubt if he would ever have made a really good blind-flying pilot. Some men don't. And of this he was fully and frankly cognizant.

These experiences of his are typical of the preparation of all adequately prepared ocean flights.

First the long drill in theory and practice of aerial navigation. Then the nerve-racking grind of highly hazardous blind-flying instruction.

I've had the pleasure of working with pilots and navigators of many hazardous ocean flights, and had close contacts and friendships with most of the others: Kingsford-Smith and Charles Ulm

of the Southern Cross; Bertaud and Hill of Old Glory; Ben Eielson, Sir Hubert Wilkins's pilot; Floyd Bennett, who flew Admiral Byrd to the North Pole—and a host besides.

Their exploits cover the Seven Seas and the Antarctic Continent. A brave and gallant crew. Each has contributed to the evolution of aviation, the brave failures quite as much as the perhaps more fortunate others.

Bill Ulbrich had a fair knowledge of navigation but he could not fly blind. Possibly a few more hours of practice would have done the trick. I don't know. All my pleading proved useless, even when backed by the able support of Dr. Kimball of the United States Weather Bureau, expert on North Atlantic weather. The best we could do was to get Bill, the Doctor, and Edna Newcomer to agree to wait until the distribution of pressure areas over the Atlantic would offer the maximum amount of clear going. A three-weeks wait ensued.

Finally, with nothing worse than a few patches of broken clouds and a bright full moon, I laid out a direct rhumb-line course (which gave him fewest changes and corrections) from New York to Cape Cod and thence, well south of the Grand Banks storm area, to Cape Finisterre, Spain—skirting the Spanish coast, over Santander and on to Rome.

Had Bill Ulbrich followed instructions in either navigation or flying at the proper high altitudes, the American Nurse would at least have made land. But he made two vital mistakes.

Barometric pressures, radioed in the night before the take-off, indicated that at altitudes of from seven to ten thousand feet strong westerly winds of from ten to thirty miles an hour would be found all the way across the Atlantic—which meant that had the American Nurse been piloted at seven thousand feet or higher, the Rome



flyers would in thirty hours of flying have been at least five or six hundred miles farther on their way.

But although the airplane was seen five different times from steamships, it was in each case reported flying at not more than one thousand feet above the sea. This was mistake number one and the more vital, for it meant the loss of helping winds that would have put them over land by the time they were last sighted.

Next came the blunder in navigation. The first four fifths of the flight the navigation was excellent and the ship exactly on its course. Then apparently something unforeseen occurred. For Bill, or perhaps his girl copilot, veered gradually to the left, almost forty-five degrees north of the proper course.

Skimming along at an even hundred miles per hour, the big monoplane was next sighted four hundred and fifty miles southwest of Fastnet, Ireland, nearly five hundred miles north of where they should have been at the time.

This was the second life-and-death mistake, for the distance they were off their course would have put them in Spain, had the navigation been accurate.

Two tons of tortured metal, wood, and fabric hurtling down at two to three hundred miles an hour.

Finally, stark tragedy might still have been avoided had radio been available, for the error in navigation would have been disclosed in cross bearings by radio from steamships and shore stations. Had all else failed, they might still have been rescued by a radio S O S and position report when forced down.

But it wasn't to be!

The job was too much for one man (and that man physically run down and thirty pounds underweight) with only an inexperienced girl to help, and a nervous little doctor and a very frightened little woodchuck as passengers.

They did a swell job getting as far as they did. Sky gamblers—with the deck stacked against them.

THE tragedy of the American Nurse wrote finis to the fifth unsuccessful attempt to fly from New York to Rome. It was also the fifth airplane to crash in trans-Atlantic flying attempts in 1932, and it brought the total loss of life in brave but ill-advised and inadequately prepared attempts to span the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to twenty-nine, including, as I recall, three women.

Most and perhaps all of these might still be living had

they been properly trained and supplied with adequate equipment, properly tested and prepared. That the loss in life and property was not higher is due to good fortune and good weather, rather than good management.

For every great long-distance or ocean flight there are four essentials. The first is the desire—the vision of accomplishment. The second, and perhaps the most difficult to obtain, is financial backing. The third is physical courage; plain ordinary guts. The fourth is the ability to pick partners or associates possessing adequate technical knowledge and experience in:

(a) Piloting a heavily overloaded airplane in blind flight under every conceivable condition, and deciding at which altitude to fly.

(b) Air navigation—or “avigation.”

(c) Radio communications and radio aids to navigation.

Wing commander (then Captain) Charles Kingsford-Smith successfully flew the historic old Southern Cross on the greatest flying feat in all aviation history, from San Francisco twenty-four hundred miles to Hawaii, thence thirty-four hundred more to Suva, Fiji Islands, and then another two thousand to Australia, and on around the world to New York and thence to San Francisco.

He did it only because he had put in a grueling ten months of the hardest kind of work in practicing blind flying, navigation, and aircraft radio transmission.

During this period we (Smithy and I) put in over three hundred hours' day-and-night practice flying in every kind of weather. We still hold three world records: in nonstop continuous flight for multi-engined transports, in weight carrying, and in continuous aircraft radio transmission. During this period we went through many trials. The original crew included Captain Kingsford-Smith, flight commander; myself, blind-flying and navigation instructor; Keith Anderson, co-pilot, who lost his life in a forced landing near Port Darwin; Charles T. P. Ulm, business manager of the flight; and Bill Todd, chief officer of the Union Line steamship Makura, navigator.

Good friends furnished us with eight hundred barrels of high-test aviation gasoline—thirty-two hundred gallons of which I was forced to dump into the Pacific Ocean when the old Southern Cross threatened to break-up with violent tail flutter thirty miles out to sea west of the Farallon Islands.

ON another flight the oil lines were torn apart on the starboard motor and we were forced to return to San Francisco after forty-eight hours in the air. Again and again we went through the same tribulations, only to begin all over again, until we had a real airplane and the best blind-flying pilot I've ever known.

The old Southern Cross was a hybrid, built up out of the junk pile of the good parts salvaged from the wreckage of Sir Hubert Wilkins's two arctic ships. The fuselage was from a single-Liberty-engined transport, and the wing from the trimotored transport of the ill-fated Wilkins-Detroit Arctic Expedition.

Superstitious ones said that a curse was put on the job in Holland. The story runs that the black-luck of the trimotored transport began breaking through the ice on a

canal in Holland, injuring a man; next, that on the way over from Amsterdam to the United States the lashing on the wing let go, injuring another man.

At this time I was flying back from Cuba with the original trimotored transport to deliver it to Byrd for his North Pole flight, and to flight-test the second Dutch-built ship prior to its delivery to Wilkins.

Halfway between Cuba and Florida the port engine stopped dead. With the low-grade automobile gasoline we had got in Cuba the remaining two good engines began to

overheat, and a few minutes later I was forced down on a small coral reef in the Florida Keys. Boedecker, engine expert, and McPhail, my mechanic, and I spent the next two weeks waiting and working—in a snake- and insect-infested mango swamp.

A NEW engine, ordered by radio, was transshipped on a small yacht to a point a mile or so from our helpless airplane, then transferred to a catamaran we constructed and pushed on foot in shoulder-deep water to the airplane. As the ship was half submerged at high water, we worked

between tides, changed engines with shear legs of driftwood; and I was successful in making a low-tide take-off.

We returned successfully to Miami, made the first dawn-to-dusk flight from Florida to New York, met Byrd at Washington, and laid final plans for converting my old barnstorming, trail-blazing Fokker transport for the flight to the North Pole.

Later I had the pleasure of training Floyd Bennett in the same ship.

In the meantime, Wilkins, anxious to begin his polar exploration before the spring thaws and fogs, accepted his ships without regular flight testing.

The bad luck continued. On the way across the United States the train carrying Wilkins's two airplanes was derailed, causing injury to a member of the train crew. On arrival at Seattle, when the big trimotored ship's wing was being lowered to the deck of the steamer that was to carry it to Alaska, another man was hurt.

When the hoodoo ship finally reached Fairbanks, Alaska, Wilkins and his little crew thought the jinx must surely have run its course. That hope was vain. With everything reported O.K., Wilkins ordered a test flight, when it was discovered that the heavy load had caused the right wheel to sink deeply into the snow.

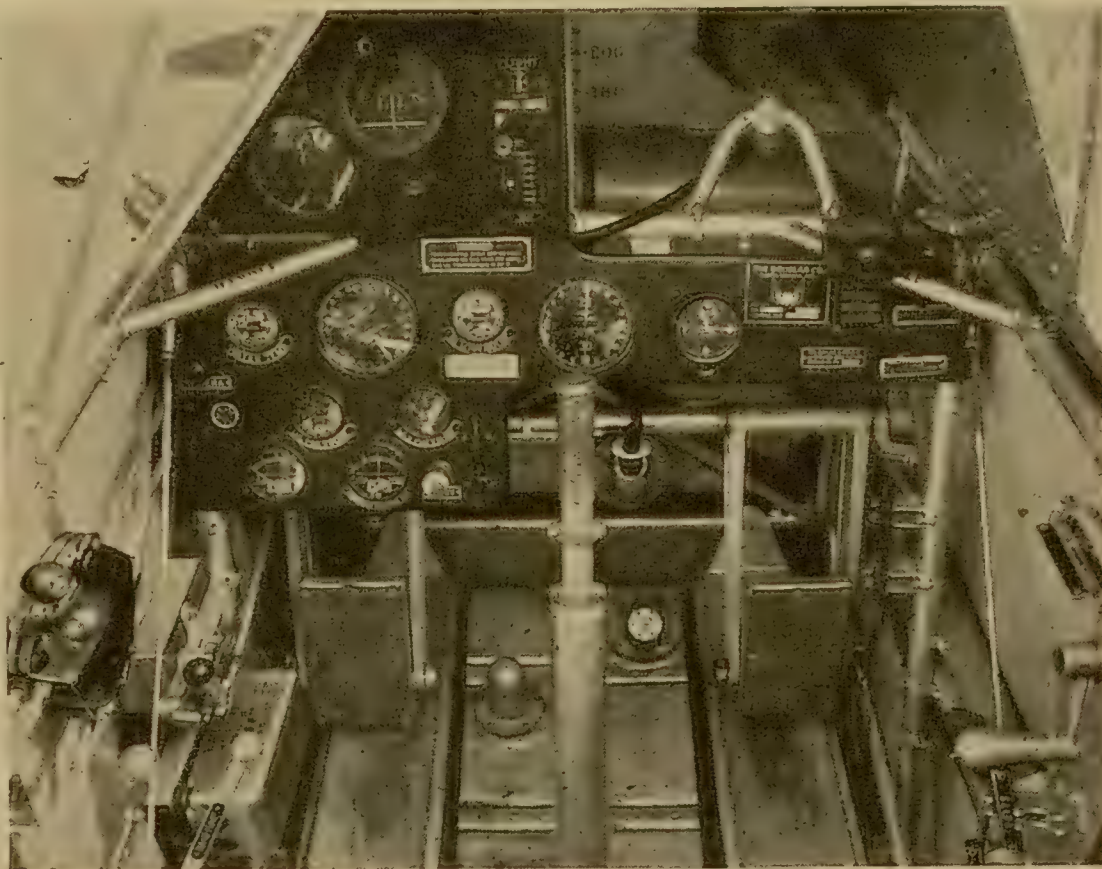
Palmer Hutchinson, a young newspaper man, ran to help, backed into the starboard or right propeller and was instantly killed.

Nor did the jinx stop there. Major Thomas Lanphier, Wilkins's second in command, found the ship unable to make the required altitude to fly safely over the Endicott Range en route to Point Barrow, and after several test flights the ship was crashed, the fuselage being damaged beyond repair.

Wilkins himself suffered a broken arm in trying to help free the second ship for a take-off. On its return from Barrow that ship also crashed at Fairbanks.

And out of this inauspiciously omened beginning was the historic old Southern Cross evolved.

Lieutenant Carl Ben Eielson was the pioneer pilot of



Scientific precision! The instrument board of a modern plane.

polar seas and subarctic Alaskan wilds—a true viking of the north, a good pilot and a loyal friend, fearless, competent, dependable.

He paved the way for aviation in the far north, and finally sacrificed his life in an arctic blizzard while flying food supplies out to the starving crew of the ice-bound fur steamer Nanuk.

Wilkins has never ceased praising Ben Eielson's courage, coolness, and skill in the face of danger. On their great flight from Point Barrow, Alaska, over the top of the world, ill luck pursued them.

After three forced landings far out on the polar sea, they finally went down for the last time in a blinding snowstorm, uninjured but with their dead engine damaged beyond repair.

Over eighty miles of jagged ice hummocks and ice ridges they toiled to land. Ben lost a finger, frostbitten. Wilkins's feet were so cut and swollen from the ice that he lost their use for days following arrival at Beechey Point.

Experiences to have broken the spirit of most men! But Wilkins and Ben survived to make another attempt and conquer in the following year, 1927.

The pioneering of Peary, Stefansson, Amundsen and Ellsworth, Wilkins and Eielson in arctic exploration and polar sea flying led the way. It was Amundsen and Ellsworth who proved the practicability of flying to the North Pole when they flew to within a hundred and thirty-six miles of it, using two twin-engined flying boats. Of such stuff are true explorers made. Sky gamblers? Rather should we say gamblers against all the forces of nature—but taking the risks practically, scientifically, in the name of and for the cause of science. And such men shun personal publicity.

WHETHER they called their basic reasons scientific or whether they were actuated solely by love of adventure or hope of fame and fortune, the chance-taking, death-defying gamblers of aviation have contributed much to science and to the development of modern air transport.

The wonderful accomplishment of men like Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, Sir Hubert Wilkins and Ben Eielson, Post and Gatty, De Pinedo, Reed of the NC-4 and the brave crew that made the very first transatlantic crossing by aircraft; of the cool, competent Englishmen, Alcock and Brown, who made the first nonstop crossing of the Atlantic from the New World to the Old; of Lindbergh the Lone Eagle, who knew one thing, blind flying, well, and who, fully realizing his ignorance of navigation and meteorology and weather, was willing to put his trust in those who did know them—all these, in their various times and ways, demonstrated what man may do.

Slim Lindbergh, as a result of his experience on a night mail run, knew what could be done with a good ship equipped with blind-flying instruments. A former naval officer supplied his navigation and Dr. Kimball contributed timely help in weather data and advice. Lindbergh followed instructions exactly, made the greatest solo flight ever accomplished, and rode to the crest of a wave of fame and fortune.

Levine and Chamberlin did not fare so well. Chamberlin had one of the requirements—the ability to fly his ship blind, by instruments—but lacked adequate knowledge of navigation. They landed in Germany but missed Berlin, their objective, by a wide margin. Later, with a new propeller and minor repairs, they were able to fly on to Berlin.

Seven women have tried to fly the Atlantic and failed, and it remained for Miss Amelia Earhart to accomplish it, first as a passenger, then again in her great solo flight. The fact that she missed her objective, Paris, by about five hundred miles through faulty navigation in no way detracted from the accomplishment. She had crossed the North Atlantic alone and landed a fast-landing airplane safely on its eastern shore.

The day of the sky gamblers is nearly over. Scientific knowledge will be first requisite of all great flights of the future.

THE END

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Vital Investment Information

THE NEW YORK DAILY INVESTMENT NEWS has engaged CHARLES HODGES, Associate Professor of Politics at New York University, to write a series of articles on world-wide conditions. Prof. Hodges is now in Europe on a three months' tour of the world. As a former United States Representative in the Far East, Prof. Hodges has built up contacts with world statesmen and is equipped to secure first-hand information in personal man-to-man talks. These articles, now running, deal with current conditions and objectives in the leading countries of Europe, including Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and the Far East.

You should have the benefits of Prof. Hodges' observations and deductions as they appear in the INVESTMENT NEWS. The regular price of the paper, a daily publication, is 10 cents per copy. As a special trial offer, for a limited period only, we offer you

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A Strange Marriage and
a Bride's Devotion Bring
New Drama to

VIÑA DELMAR'S

Vivid Story of
Another "Bad Girl"

(Reading time: 30 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee and her battle for love and happiness. Raised in a small town, she falls in love with Tommy Wallace, who works in a filling station, and goes away with him to New York when he loses his job, promising her mother they will be married. Instead the pair go to live in a cheap rooming house. Tommy gets another filling-station job and then meets Dolly Merrick, a blues singer in vaudeville, and runs off with her. Sadie joins the chorus of a Harlem cabaret, and one night Jack Brennan, millionaire playboy, and his friend Gilbert Fenlon drop in. Brennan is very drunk and insists that Sadie accompany him to his estate in Westchester County. All three go along and Brennan, over the protests of Fenlon, asks Sadie to marry him and she agrees.

PART FIVE—THE WEDDING

JACK stopped in a jewelry shop and bought a ring. Sadie felt as though she were moving in a dream. She felt numb and heavy in both mind and body. Everything was so strange and unreal. The unfamiliar country roads with the police saluting as they passed and calling, "Good morning, Mr. Brennan." The jeweler who stared and gaped at her as he fitted a wedding band to her finger. The man at City Hall who said, "Now, Jack, go home and have a good sleep first." And Brennan saying, "Mind your own damn' business and do as I tell you." And Brennan leaning against a desk throughout the whole ceremony. And so she was married.

They went home. The servants brought more coffee to her and more liquor to Jack. He drank and talked until he fell asleep in the same place on the same couch. She sat quietly watching him, wondering if he would find her if she ran away. She had married him. She who didn't want any man on the face of God's earth except Tommy Wallace. She had married this big, poisoned lump of flesh. She had married him.

Her eyes wandered away from him but she forced herself to look back. Perhaps he wouldn't look so bad when she got used to him. When he had shaved and bathed and changed his clothes.

A servant came into the room. She didn't hear him enter. He said, "Excuse me," and she was startled.

"What is it?"

"The reporters, madam."

"Who?"

"The reporters. You know—from the newspapers."

"Put that bottle down, Sadie. So help me, God, I'll slam you if you break it!" he shouted.

Pretty SADIE

"What do they want?" she asked in bewilderment. Her mind ran to murder and grand theft. Was Jack wanted by the police?

"They say, madam, that you—" The servant was embarrassed and terribly uncertain of his ground. "They say that you and Mr. Brennan have just been married."

"Oh."

"Do you want to see them?"

She wished desperately that she could ask him whether

"It's just to the left center, across the foyer."

"Thank you. Tell them I'll be in shortly."

She powdered her face and combed her hair before the tiny mirror in her purse. Then she walked to the small living room. Seven men stood up as she entered. Three with cameras moved hopefully toward her. She heard Alex's voice behind her in the foyer. He was saying, "This way. Mrs. Brennan will see you in the small living room." The bell rang again and yet again.

An hour later she was alone, watching with wonderment the strange men walk down this strange driveway and away from her. Newspaper men. They would write about her and Jack. It would be in papers. Many papers. Perhaps every paper. A sudden thought struck her and she called Alex and asked him to bring her a pencil and paper. She sat down in the small living room and wrote:

DEAR MAMA:

I was married this morning to a man named Jack Brennan. He is a builder or something and he has a lot of money. I was never really married to Tommy. I will write more when I have more time. How is everything with you? I was sorry to hear about Martha Griswald breaking her ankle--

She went back to the den and looked at Jack. He was still asleep. She sat down to wait for him to awaken. She was sleepy herself. The whispering voices of the servants in the corridor and on the stairs furnished a strange, frightening accompaniment to the thoughts which chased themselves about in her mind. She felt that the whisperers were peering at her, discussing her. They were thinking that she had roped Jack in. They were saying that he hadn't known what he was doing and she had talked him into marrying her. A sudden panic seized her. Perhaps the newspaper men would say the same thing. Perhaps Jack would say so too.

She dropped her head to the softly upholstered chair arm and slept. She slept a light sleep and dreamed a dreadful dream. Alex's step beside her caused her to jump nervously back to reality.

"I'm sorry I frightened you," he said.

"That's all right."

"Do you want your luncheon served here or in the dining room, Mrs. Brennan?"

"What time is it?"

"A quarter of one."

She looked at Jack. He had not awakened. It occurred to her that he had not eaten so far today.

"Perhaps I'll wait to eat till Mr. Brennan wakes up," she said.

"He never eats any luncheon, Mrs. Brennan."

"He had no breakfast this morning," she pointed out.

"He never eats any breakfast either."

"Oh." She looked at Alex. There was no fooling him. He knew that she had never seen Jack before last night and that she was therefore unfamiliar with his habits.

"Does he eat dinner?" she asked.

"Not always, Mrs. Brennan."

one did or did not see reporters. She wished that Jack were awake or that Gilbert Fenlon had remained.

She said, "Yes, I'll see them."

"Very well. I'll show them into the small living room."

She nodded, and the servant started away, but she stopped him. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Alex, Mrs. Brennan."

"Oh. Where did you say you'd show the reporters?"

"To the small living room."

"Oh." Pause. "Where is it?"

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

McKEE

"Well, maybe I'd better have my luncheon, then."

"Here or in the dining room?"

She thought from the servant's viewpoint. It would be easier for him to serve a tray here than to set a big table and dance attendance on her throughout the meal.

"I think I'll eat here."

"Yes, Mrs. Brennan." He disappeared. She discovered that despite her dream she felt more at ease than she had before her nap. Still, when Alex brought her luncheon she thought of herself as a caged animal whose trainer feeds it well and wisely. Maybe if Jack would wake up and show her around the house things would seem more real.

It was close to three o'clock when he opened his eyes. He said, "Hello, sweetheart," and reached his hand out toward her. She came and sat beside him.

"Gee, you're pretty!" he said.

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me. I didn't do anything toward making you pretty, but I will from now on. Big diamonds and swell furs and everything. How about a little drinky, baby?"

"Must you?"

"What?"

"Must you have a drink?"

He looked at her and the smile was suddenly gone from his face. "Now don't start that," he said. "Nobody tells me what I'm going to do." He turned over heavily on his side. From that position he could reach the whisky bottle on the table. He poured himself a drink. Sadie watched him as he drank it. He poured himself another drink and drank that also. After each drink he shuddered and screwed his face into a knot of disgust. Sadie was mystified. Why did he drink the stuff if he didn't like the taste of it? He did not speak at once after downing the liquor, but when he did he had apparently forgotten his ill humor of a few minutes before.

"Let's go places," he said.

"I'd like to get my clothes," she answered. "I haven't many and they're no good, but I need them."

"You don't need them, baby. Wait till you see the things I'm going to buy you."

"Well, I've a few things I'd like to get."

"O. K. Let's go get them. I'll send for the car."

"Jack."

"Yes, honey."

"You have to bathe and shave and change your clothes before you go out."

He ran a hand inquiringly over his cheeks and chin. "Yeh, I guess I need a shave," he admitted. He struggled to his feet. "I'll be down in half an hour, baby."

She stood up also. "I'm going upstairs with you."

"All right."

"I want to see the upstairs of the house."

"Didn't you see it? It's beautiful. Come on, I'll show you around."

SHE followed him up a broad staircase and into a room that was glass and yellow. "This is my room," he said proudly. She looked around. There was a huge hand-carved bed upon which a shiny yellow-satin coverlet lay. The rug was yellow and the chairs were gold with yellow brocade seats. The walls were covered with mirrors and two tremendous chandeliers dripped lengthy glass tears. The drapes were yellow. The telephone was yellow and every door knob and drawer knob was glass.

"And it has its own bathroom," Jack said, opening and closing a door swiftly and giving her a peek at glittering yellow walls.

He showed her seven bedrooms in all. Each, he pointed out to her, had its own bathroom. He showed her an upstairs sitting room, a solarium, and a gymnasium.

"And I want to see downstairs," she said.

"Haven't you seen it?"

"Only the den and the small living room."

They went back downstairs. He stopped for a drink and then took up the business of showing the house.

She saw that he had two pianos, an organ, and a harp. She looked at him questioningly.

"It's the music room," he explained.

She said, "Oh."

The dining room was tremendous. The living room was as large as a movie theater, she thought. They stepped outside through a long glass door.

"I have a miniature golf course," he said, "and a couple of tennis courts."

"How many servants do you keep?"

"Fourteen, counting two chauffeurs and four gardeners."

"All men?"

"All men, but you can have a couple of women around if you want them."

They stepped back through the long glass door and Jack returned to the den for another drink.

"In fact, you can do anything you like," he said. "What the hell do I care? I don't know what I built the damn' thing for. Come on, let's go out."

"YOU were going to get ready to go downtown. Don't you remember? You were going to shave."

"Oh, sure. I forgot. It won't take me a minute." He reached out and patted her shoulder.

She felt the quivering of his hand and asked, "Do you shave yourself?"

"Hell, no. I got a valet named Sedgwick. Do you want to see him?"

"Not now."

"I'll show him to you."

"Not now, thanks."

He went upstairs and she stood at the window of the den looking out at acres and acres of velvet-smooth lawn. She took no delight in knowing that the huge piece of property and all it represented could be put to work for her. She thought of Tommy now and wondered where he was and if he was happy. She thought of his crisp yellow hair and his clear eyes, and a pang of longing as sharp as a physical pain cut into her heart. Life had said, "You can't have Tommy, but here's something much better. Here's Jack Brennan. He's got millions of dollars and he's not a bad sort." So she had taken Jack Brennan.

When she turned around Jack was standing in the doorway.

"Let's go," he said.

"All right." She put on her hat and coat. She knew without looking around that he was pouring himself a drink. "Why don't you have something to eat?" she suggested.

"No. I really don't feel like it. Later on, downtown, I'll eat."

They went out and got in the car. People stared at them as they passed through the village. Jack spoke very little. All the way downtown he was silent, except for the orders he gave the chauffeur and the two occasions upon which he asked Sadie if she was comfortable.

He came up to the little room with her. "So this is where you lived, huh? You poor kid." He sat down on the bed and watched Sadie collect her few belongings. She was thinking that it hadn't been such a bad place to live.

"Do you owe any rent here?" he asked.

She shook her head and snapped the lock on the old suitcase. He reached for it, but she wouldn't let him carry it. "I can do it."

"Why should you, Sadie?"

"I'm used to carrying things."

"I carried a hod once."

"Did you?" She laughed. She laughed loudly because she was shutting the door on the little room. She had lived in there with Tommy. She had sat in there waiting for him. He had held her in his arms in that room and he had said, "Sadie, I'll never love anybody but you."

They walked downstairs and past Dolly Merrick's room.



It was quiet in there. Dolly was still away. She was in Chicago. It had said so in Variety.

They were on the street now. The chauffeur took the suitcase.

"What do you want to do now?" Jack inquired.

"Nothing."

"Do you mind stopping for a minute over here on Fifty-first Street? There's a fellow I got to see."

It was a speakeasy. The fellow Jack had to see never materialized and they stayed two hours. They went to the Ritz for dinner.

"It's our wedding night, so we have to eat everything in the place," Jack said.

He ordered nothing but a salad and he hardly touched that. They went to the theater. Jack fell asleep. After the show they went back to the speakeasy. They stayed there till half past two.

On the way home Jack said that he didn't feel awfully well. Sadie smothered the impulse to reply, "I shouldn't think you would."

He lurched out of the car and into the arms of Phelps. Phelps whispered hurriedly to the chauffeur, "Here, lend a hand, will you?"

Together the two men got Jack up to the glass-and-yellow room. The chauffeur went away. When he came back he was carrying Sadie's suitcase.

"Where shall I put it, Mrs. Brennan?"

"In the room next to this."

"Yes, Mrs. Brennan."

Sadie stood at the foot of the hand-carved bed looking at her husband.

"He's all right, Mrs. Brennan," Phelps said. "I shall have him under the covers in a jiffy."

IT wasn't more than a jiffy before Jack was in bed and Phelps was bidding Sadie good night.

She turned out the lights in Jack's room and went next door. The room was done in old rose and gold. Everything that couldn't be gold was old rose. Sadie didn't like the room, but she couldn't tell what was wrong with it. She thought maybe it had too much furniture. You kept bumping yourself.

On the gold table somebody had stacked a great many newspapers. She saw that each carried an account of her marriage to Jack. She sat down to read what the newspaper men had said. They all agreed that she was beautiful. One said she had known Jack since she was a child and had worshiped him from afar. The others all spoke of the romantic whirlwind courtship. Some took the angle that Jack was somewhat of a hero to have married this penniless, no-account girl. Others seemed to think that she was pretty darn' nice to have tied herself up to a man twenty years her senior. But it was a love match. The newspaper boys knew a love match when they saw one. One paragraph Sadie reread many times:

Young Mrs. Brennan's remarkably large eyes wandered to the face of her questioner. "The time to get married is when you fall in love," she said. "I don't see anything odd about Jack and me only knowing each other a few hours. We knew it was love, didn't we, dear?" She reached out for the hand of her husband, and anybody looking at the faces of the newly married couple would have known that it was love all right.

Sadie couldn't figure that account at all. Jack hadn't even seen the reporters and she had said nothing about being in love with him. Where did they get that stuff?

HER picture looked up at her from a few of the papers, and Jack's picture was in one under the heading, "Millionaire Marries Chorus Girl." The picture had been taken years before. Sadie wondered where they had gotten it from. This newspaper business was very strange.

She began to unpack the small suitcase but was stopped by a sudden noise from Jack's room. He must have gotten up. She hurried next door and switched on the light. His bed was empty. She flew toward his bathroom, calling, "Jack, are you all right?"

There was a moment's silence, then his voice came to her: "Go on away, Sadie. Get me Phelps."

"Are you ill?"

"Yes. Go on away. Send for Phelps."

She rang for Phelps. He came running up the stairs.

"Mr. Brennan is ill," she said. "Go see what you can do for him, will you?"

She sat down to wait. Phelps bustled about between the bathroom and the bedroom. She could hear his voice speaking gently and soothingly to Jack. At last they both emerged. Jack's eyes were closed and his face was very white. He leaned heavily upon Phelps and dropped into complete unconsciousness the moment he was put upon his pillow.

"He's all right now, Mrs. Brennan."

"Has he a doctor, Phelps?"

"Yes, but he doesn't need him now, Mrs. Brennan." He looked at her a moment before adding, "Everybody gets sick, Mrs. Brennan, when they've drunk too much."

"Yes, but this is different."

"How so?"

"He's drunk too much too long. He doesn't eat, and something is wrong with you when your eyes are yellow and you shake all the time."

"Do you really think so, Mrs. Brennan?"

"What's that doctor's name?"

"Reeves."

"Let's get the doctor, Phelps."

"Yes, Mrs. Brennan." Phelps left the room. He was back in five minutes. "Dr. Reeves will be right over, Mrs. Brennan."

The doctor said to Sadie, "You're Mrs. Brennan, aren't you?"

"Yes, doctor."



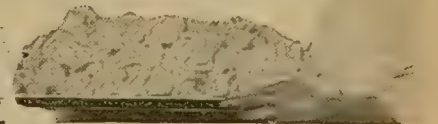
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The doctor looked at Sadie wonderingly and said, "He's got you to thank. How did you do it?" She looked away from him.

"Yes, it's awful, isn't it?"

She was startled by the polite, impersonal quality of the doctor's tone. He would not so lightly and casually tell another wife that her husband had but six months to live, nor would he say, "Yes, it's awful, isn't it?" in that detached, careless tone. And he was turning away to light a cigarette.

HE knew that she would not cry or faint. He had read about her in the papers. She was Sadie McKee, the girl who had married poor old Jack Brennan.

"Can't something be done?"

"Oh, possibly if he stopped drinking, but he won't stop."

"Maybe he will," she said dully.

"Well, maybe." His tone was doubtful. He looked at the high-beamed

"I've been reading about you in the papers tonight." "Have you?"

"Yes. I guess everybody has. People are always interested in Jack Brennan."

"He's real sick, doctor."

The doctor nodded. "I know, Mrs. Brennan. I don't even have to go in to look at him."

"But you will, won't you?"

"OH, certainly. I just meant I know his case so well. I can't do much for him."

"What's the matter with him, doctor?"

"Drink."

"I know, but has it done something serious to him?"

"Yes. It always does."

"What has it done?"

"Ask me six months from now and I'll say, 'It's killed him.'"

"Six months!"

"That's about all he's got."

"My God!"

ceiling beneath which they stood and at the silky glimmering rug upon the wall. He looked at Sadie's young and beautiful face and at the wedding band upon her finger. "I give him six months," he said. He patted her reassuringly upon the shoulder and walked past her into Jack's room.

She stood looking after him. His manner had said, "What a lucky break you're getting. You married him for his money, didn't you? Well, I've good news for you. In six months you'll have every cent of it and you won't have to be bothered with Jack either."

She thought of Gilbert Fenlon. He would say, "Happy days, Sadie. Set the bottle in front of Jack and you'll soon be a wealthy widow."

She closed her eyes and leaned against the wall. She was his lawful wedded wife. What was it? Seventeen million or seven million? It didn't matter. After you pass one million you have plenty. And it would be hers. She shuddered. It would be hers over the dead body of a man who hadn't been responsible for his actions. Hers because she had been cheap enough to accept his invita-

tion to go home with him. Hers because she had been a coward and had married a strange drunken man in order to escape Roquette's and the rooming house. It wasn't fair. She hadn't earned it. She was terrified by a sudden conviction that a Being as real and solid as Phelps or the doctor was watching her and trying to make her life comfortable and livable.

The doctor came out of Jack's room. "Why don't you go to bed?" he said. "It's very late."

"How is he?"

"Oh, he's all right. There's no immediate danger. He'll be up and around tomorrow, drinking his head off."

"Well, thanks for coming over at this hour, doctor."

"You're welcome. Get to bed now. Good night."

He went, and Sadie got to bed, but it was long before she slept.

"Sadie, for the love of God, mind your own business, will you?"

"You're my business, Jack."

"I am like hell. I'm my own business and I want to live my own life. I got along without you for forty years, you know."

"And look what you've done to yourself."

"That's my business, too. If I want a drink I'm not going to ask anybody's permission."

"You're killing yourself, Jack."

"Nuts. The doctors are a bunch of scare heads."

"Look in the mirror."

"All right, I'm killing myself, then. But let me tell you I'd rather live one year getting what I want out of life than to live twenty wanting something I can't get."

"You won't live one year."

"Well, suppose I don't? That's your luck."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"NO kidding, Sadie. Let me alone, can't you? I didn't marry you to be nagged. Good God, girl, I've bought you everything any girl could desire and all I want in return is to be left alone."

"That's the one thing I won't do."

"You will, because I'll get the hell out of this house if I can't have a little freedom in it."

"Are you tired of me already?"

"No, but I'm tired of being nagged."

"Won't you just let up a little on the drinking, Jack? You needn't stop completely."

"I have let up."

"You haven't."

"All right. I'm a liar."

"You don't eat, Jack."

"I'm not hungry."

"That's because of the liquor. I'm so damn' sick and tired of looking at you with a bottle beside you—"

"Put that bottle down, Sadie. So help me, God, I'll slam you if you break it!" he shouted.

"I'm not afraid," she said.

"What the hell did you do that for, you damn' little fool? That's the last one you'll ever break around here or,

by God, I'll— I'm sorry, Sadie. Did I hurt you? Sadie! Sadie! Did I hurt you?"

"It was only for the minute. I'm all right."

"I'm sorry. I was sore and I didn't know what I was doing. We don't have to fight, Sadie. Let me have my few drinks and we'll get along swell. Gee, honey, I'm not a bad fellow."

"No, you're too damn' decent to let die."

"Hell, I'm not going to die."

"Yes you are if you keep drinking."

"Oh, for God's sake, Sadie, shut up."

He fell downstairs one night and broke his leg. She was glad to have him safe in his room and unable to walk. She brought him liquor. As little as she thought it safe for him to have. She knew that it would be murder to completely cut off his supply. He cursed and bellowed at her, but she stuck to her guns. The doctor had told her how little Jack could get by on. All day long he shouted and threatened, but toward evening he was quiet and even presented a smiling face. Under his pillow she found a bottle. Alex had brought it to him.

She went downstairs and told Alex to pack and leave.

He said, "Beg pardon, Mrs. Brennan, but is that Mr. Brennan's wish?"

Sadie said, "You get the hell out of here in twenty minutes. Do you understand whose wish it is now?"

He went. Jack was angry. She sat beside him silently, not even replying when he called her vile names and begged the gods to strike her dead. Sometime after midnight he quieted down and apologized. She

was not fooled this time. She looked under his pillow immediately.

She went downstairs and told Phelps to pack and leave.

In the morning she called the twelve remaining servants into their living room and told them all to pack and leave at once. They looked at her in shocked amazement. Suddenly they were no longer well oiled machines but worried men facing a common danger.

The cook was the first to speak. "I have been hired by Mr. Brennan," he said. "He must tell me himself that I must go."

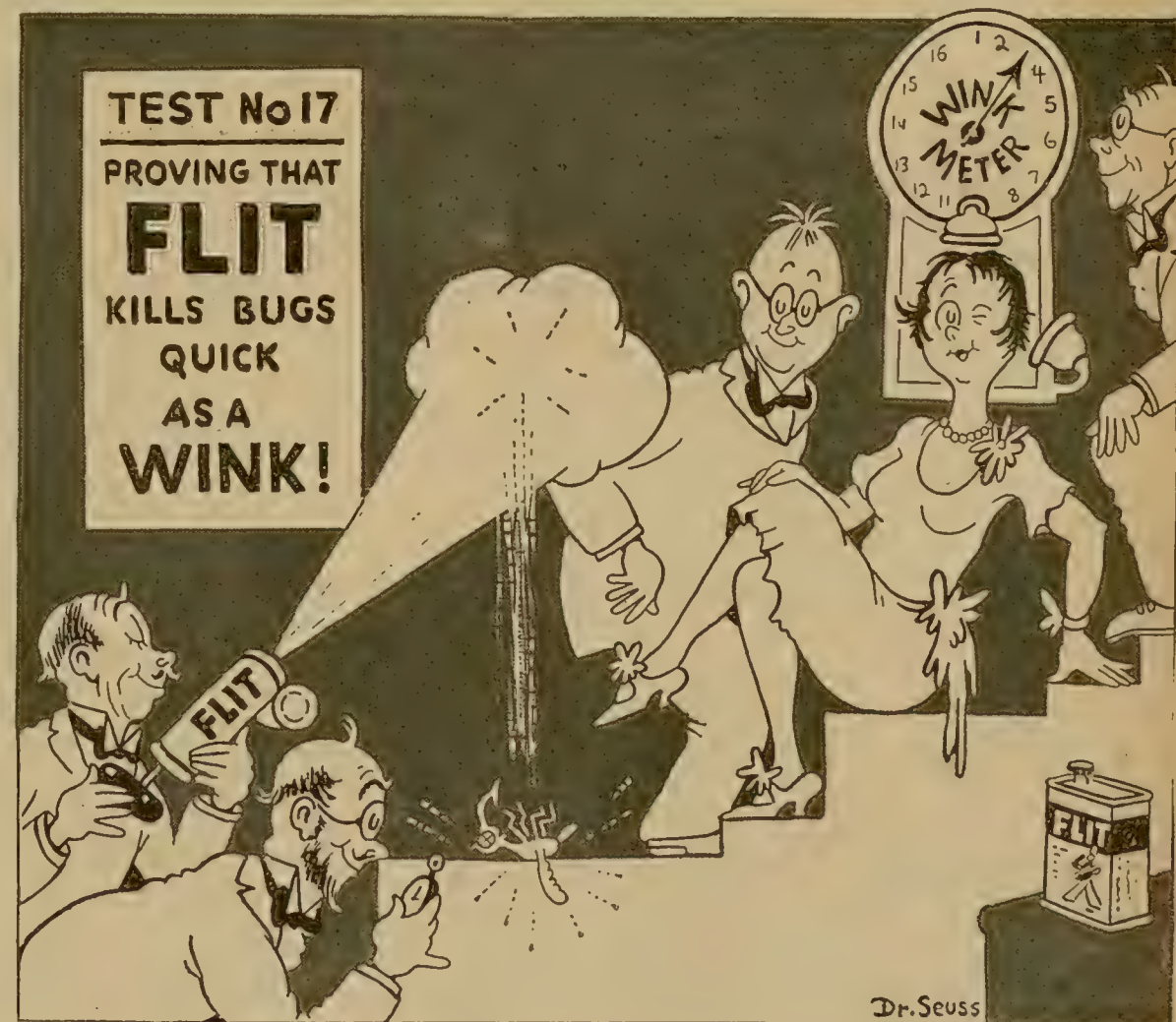
SOME of the other men nodded their approval of the cook's logic. The older chauffeur said, "What have I done that I should go?"

Sadie faced him. She had never particularly noticed him before, but now she saw that he had pale-blue eyes and they looked frightened and puzzled. She thought of her mother's bewilderment when Mr. Alderson had sent her away.

"Yes," one of the housemen said, "what has he done? What have any of us done?" His tone was snarly. He was mad. Sadie knew what he was thinking. Here was a girl whom Mr. Brennan had picked up. God knows where. He had brought her into his home, married her because he knew no better, and had decked her in fine clothes and diamonds. And just to please her dirty little upstart soul she was throwing twelve responsible workers out of the home they had so conscientiously tended.

She said, "None of you have done anything wrong. I simply wish to make a change." She said it with her eyes fixed on a space two inches above the head of the tallest man.

Advertisement



(Reading time:
4 minutes 40 seconds.)

FOR real relaxation at this time of year I often find myself longing for a little island in New Brunswick, Canada, just off the coast of Maine—Campobello. As children we ran wild there for at least two months of the summer, and this year my father chose it as his goal at the end of a week's sailing cruise. Of course the cruise on a sailing schooner was a "men only" excursion, but the ladies of the family also traveled to the same spot by train and automobile in order to be there at Campobello to welcome the sailors. Incidentally, sailing in this part of the world is quite exciting, as the tides are very swift and the coast extremely rocky. Therefore all of us have had to learn how to be fairly good sailors and have grown to love it.

Now that I have the family all safely at Campobello, suppose I tell you about a typical day there. We all get up fairly early, by eight o'clock at the latest, and eat breakfast together. The nicest thing about the place is that everybody can do as he pleases all day long. Some of us undoubtedly elect to go sailing, especially if there is a good stiff breeze. My mother and her friends may take a good fast hike, two and a half miles across the island, through the evergreen woods and the cranberry bogs, to get a look at the blue ocean on the other side. Another day we all decide to picnic on some other island. We usually choose an uninhabited one, and some of us go by sailboat, and some in antiquated motor boats rented from the islanders.

When evening comes we have acquired a fresh sunburn, omnivorous appetites, and with the comfort of feeling "just right" about everything and everyone we lounge after supper on the long porch outside the living and dining rooms. Usually we divide up into groups, some just talking, others reading, and very often the younger members of the family playing a noisy phonograph in the corner.

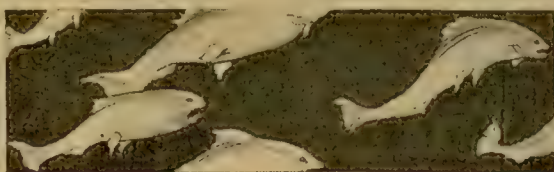


The first suggestion to go to bed is greeted by yawns from everyone, and no one seems to have enough energy to make a move, as we all know that the first person up must light the kerosene lamps which guide us to bed. Strange as it may seem, we all glory in the knowledge that there is no telephone in the house to disturb our peace of mind continually and to remind us of the activities going on in the rest of the world.

WHEN I talk about Campobello by the sea, my mind gravitates to dishes which have sea foods as their main ingredients. One of our favorite dishes on the island is fish chowder. Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt has kindly given me the family recipe. Here it is:

1 fresh haddock (4 pounds)	3 medium-sized potatoes
1½ pints water	1 quart milk
½ pound diced salt pork (very fat)	
2 tablespoons butter	2 onions
2 tablespoons flour	Salt, pepper

Remove head and tail from had-



HAPPY DAYS

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL



WITH MY FATHER ON VACATION— WHAT WE DO WITH OURSELVES AT CAMPOBELLO—OUR FAMILY'S FISH CHOWDER RECIPE

be cooled, as putting the two together while both are hot tends to lumping.

Add diced potatoes and fish cut rather larger than potatoes, and simmer for half an hour. Add to this mixture the milk which has been brought to the boiling point; add seasoning and butter.

Do not boil after the milk has been added. Serve with pilot biscuits.

AT the White House recently I saw with my children a type of movie new to me—an animated colored picture for youngsters. The one we saw—a Walt Disney Silly Symphony—depicted Santa Claus in his toy factory and the animated lives of the workers and the toys. Sistie and Buzzie immediately wanted to write to Santa Claus, and I must say that I too regretted the end of the film.

INADVERTENTLY a European gentleman whom I met at a tea party in New York the other afternoon gave me what I consider a rather intelligent criticism of American social customs. I had just been introduced to him and neither of us had caught the other's name when a girl whom I've known for a long time came up and started talking about our mutual friends and activities. In a lull in the conversation the gentleman cut in and said that there was one thing which he had noticed very often in this country—that Americans prefer to talk personalities and gossip rather than, as in Europe, generalities about local, national, and international events.

His comment rather annoyed me at first. I tried

to explain that in New York one sees one's good friends sometimes not more than once a month, and that consequently there is much of mutual personal interest to discuss. He did not seem completely impressed with my argument, and upon reflection I think that in many instances he is right. Haven't all of us had the experience of attending a party where we joined a group of people whom we did not know but who knew each other very well, and of having them talk about themselves and their own lives without making any effort to draw us into the circle?

NO one can realize how much pleasure and benefit our whole family enjoys on hot days in Washington from the new swimming pool in the White House. As you know, it was given to my father by many thousands of people all over the country, through the help of a number of newspapers. It is so cool and green, and after a hard day's work or a heated game of tennis it's the most popular meeting place for all of us.



STRUGGLES

IV—Max Baer and That Right of His

(Reading time: 10 min. 40 sec.)

A FEW years ago Max Baer was known only to the Pacific Coast. There he was "the Livermore Butcher Boy." He was well over six feet tall and he weighed 200 pounds. When he fought Frankie Campbell, in San Francisco's Recreation Park, August 26, 1930, he was not quite twenty-one.

It was that fight that made him known to the rest of America.

Campbell was rated the best of the Coast heavyweights. There was a thrill of terror in his name.

"He'll murder 'm," they always said when talking about Campbell.

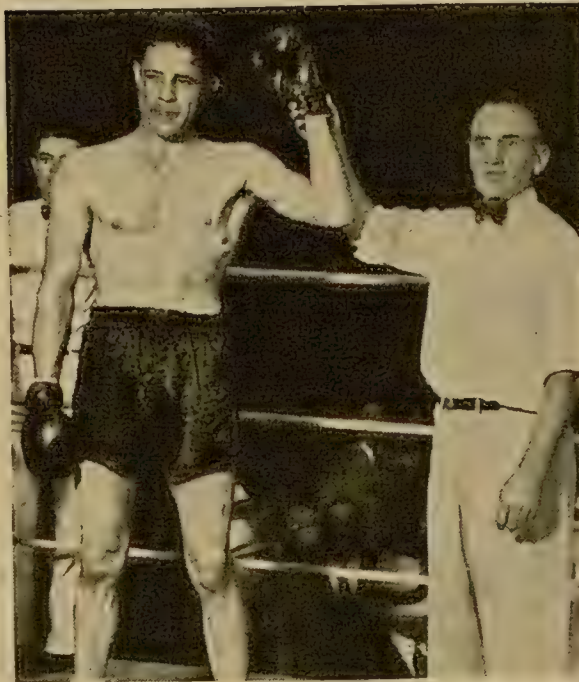
Campbell's right name was Camilli. He was the son of Tuscan parents. He was born in Hibbing, Minnesota. In San Francisco he grew up south of Market Street.

He had his first professional fight when he was twenty. He knocked his opponent silly with his first punch.

Bert Valergo, his manager, didn't mollycoddle him. He tossed him into the ring against such man-eaters as Roland Todd, the British middleweight champion, Chuck Wiggins, George Cook, and Mickey Rockson, and told him, practically, "Sink or swim." Campbell swam.

Sixteen of his first twenty fights he won with knockouts. He wasn't just lucky. He could sock.

His change of managers—he shook off Valergo and took on Cal Working—



The Ring, Inc., photo

Referee Irwin raising Max Baer's hand at the end of the fight that proved fatal to Frankie Campbell.

brought him to Los Angeles. Working took him to Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey taught Campbell how to weave and bob, taught him tricks he had never heard of, improved his boxing—and turned him over to Dave Shade for further handling.

At the time he met Baer, Campbell had thirty-five fights out of his system. Twenty-eight of them he won by knockouts. He was always dangerous—most dangerous when hurt. He was on his way to the heavyweight belt when Baer stepped into his path.

His fight with Tom Kirby of Boston, held in the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles a little over two months before the Baer fight, will give you some idea of him.

Kirby had everything his own way during the first round and most of the second. But Frankie's adorners kept telling each other, "Wait, Frankie'll murder 'm!"

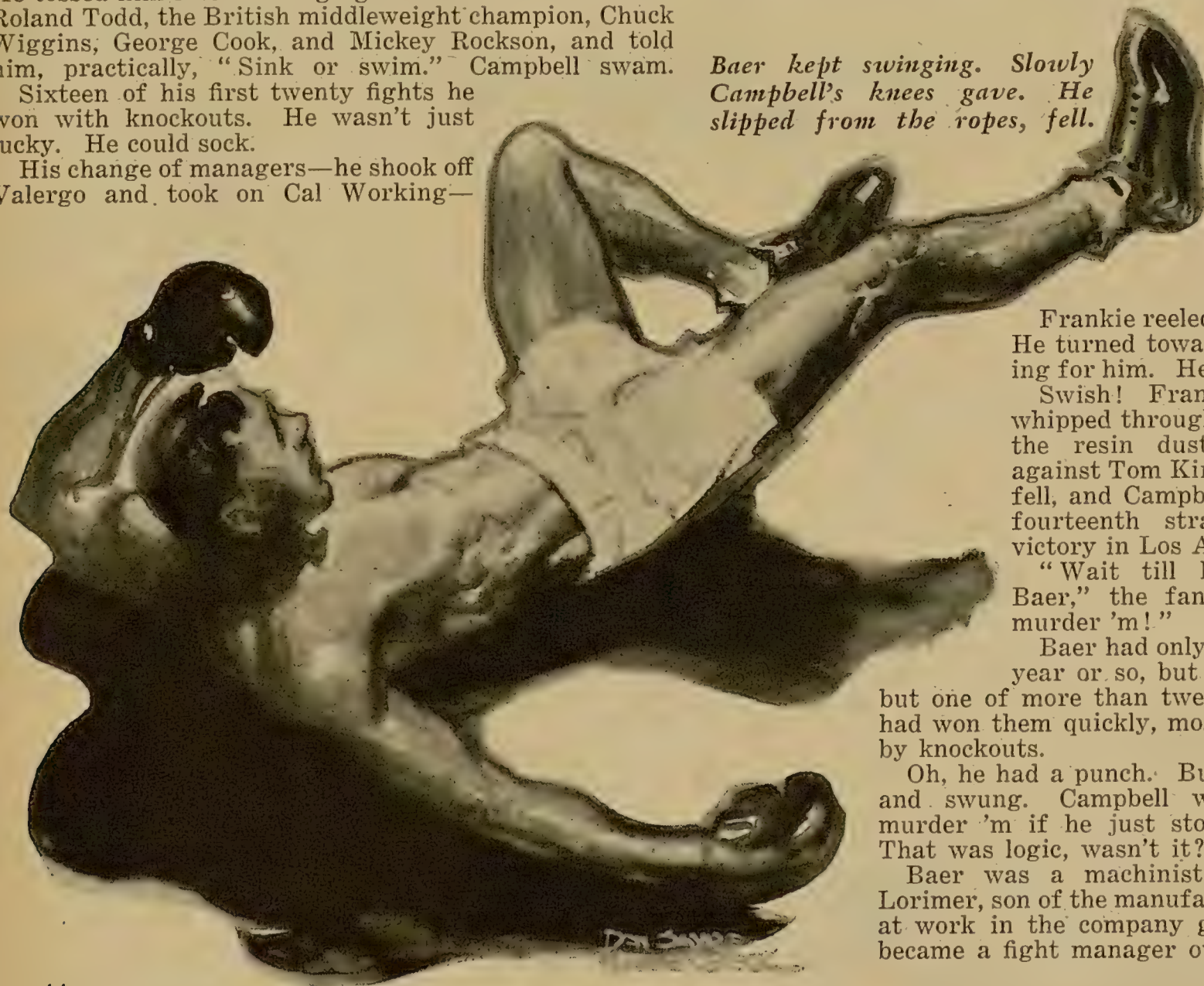
Kirby closed Campbell's right eye.

"Frankie'll murder 'm for that," the fans said. "He'll murder 'm!"

Kirby knocked Campbell down twice, hammered him severely when he got up, hammered him, hammered him, hammered him.

"Get 'm, Frankie!" they cried. "Murder 'm!"

Baer kept swinging. Slowly Campbell's knees gave. He slipped from the ropes, fell.



Frankie reeled out of a clinch. He turned toward Kirby, groping for him. He found him.

Swish! Frankie's right arm whipped through the lights and the resin dust. It smashed against Tom Kirby's jaw. Tom fell, and Campbell had won his fourteenth straight knockout victory in Los Angeles.

"Wait till he meets Max Baer," the fans said. "He'll murder 'm!"

Baer had only been fighting a year or so, but he had won all but one of more than twenty fights. He had won them quickly, most of them, and by knockouts.

Oh, he had a punch. But he just stood and swung. Campbell would certainly murder 'm if he just stood and swung. That was logic, wasn't it?

Baer was a machinist. J. Hamilton Lorimer, son of the manufacturer, saw him at work in the company gymnasium and became a fight manager overnight.

to the Death in the PRIZE RING

Concluding a Series of
Dramatic Chronicles

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

He hired a professional to teach his young bruiser some of the fine points in the so-called manly art of self-defense. But Baer didn't care much for the defensive.

"I ain't a boxer," he explained. "I'm a fighter. I can take it, and I don't mind taking it—so long as I get one good crack at the guy that's pushing it my way. Just one good crack and I'll knock him stiff."

He fought as often as he could. He would rather fight than do anything else in the world.

The Los Angeles fans were surprised to find that the odds were on Baer.

"That's queer," they said. "Is this fight on the level?"

There was plenty of Baer money; and it seemed to be offered exclusively by the wise gamblers of the Bay City.

"If the fight's in the bag," they said, "Campbell's through. If it ain't in the bag, he'll murder 'm."

IT was in the second round that their suspicions were allayed. Paradoxically, it was in the same round they became convinced there was "something phony" in the fight.

According to ringside witnesses, Baer slipped and fell during this round, and Campbell stepped to the side of the ring and stood looking at the crowd. Men who had bet on him thought he had knocked Baer down.

"Look at 'm!" they cried. "Calm as a rock. He's on the square. Wait till Baer gets up. He'll murder 'm!"

Why Campbell turned to look away from the ring nobody, apparently, has ever learned.

Baer leaped up quickly and, before Campbell could completely turn around to meet him, had driven a hard right to Campbell's jaw. The blow was allowed by the referee, on the principle that fighters must protect themselves at all times while in the ring.

"That was a lulu," Tommy Maloney, Campbell's second, said when Frankie took the stool at the end of the round.

"Feels like something snapped in my head," Frankie answered.

"You all right?"

"Right and left."

"Well, don't take any more like that one."

"I can take 'em. Don't worry. I'll murder this guy!"

But he wasn't all right.

During the third and fourth rounds Baer punished him severely. But Campbell fought back. He was always dangerous. Baer was not exactly cautious; but he was taking no chances. He wanted to finish Campbell as soon as he could. In the fifth round he forced him into a



corner, swinging with right and left. He hit him under the chin, and Campbell's head went back hard. It crashed against a metal turnbuckle on the ropes.

"You got him, Max," the crowd shouted. "Kill him!"

The Angelenos weren't worried. But the San Francisco fans were "getting their goats."

"Buck up, Frankie," they yelled. "You'll murder 'm!"

Campbell was out, or nearly out. But he didn't fall. He couldn't. The ropes were supporting him.

Instinctively he brought his arms up to defend himself. But he couldn't use them.

Baer hooked a short-arm jab to the jaw. Back went Campbell's head again, back against that metal buckle.

Twenty or thirty times Baer jolted him with rights and lefts to the head. Twenty or thirty times Campbell's head was banged against that buckle. It seemed to be nodding, calmly, horribly, like a man saying yes again and again and again to unrelenting tormentors.

Perhaps he felt nothing. Certainly he made no movement with his arms to show that he was awake and aware.

His nose was flattened and bleeding. His eyes were closed and discolored and bleeding. His mouth was bleeding. The back of his head was sticky with blood.

Slowly his arms relaxed. But Baer kept swinging.

Campbell might let one go and land it even now, as he had done in his fight with Kirby. The referee stood looking on, making no slightest move to stop the fight.

Slowly the knees gave. Campbell slipped from the ropes, fell. The referee, Tobey Irwin, didn't wait to count. He raised Baer's arm in token of victory.

Newspaper men the next day said Irwin "was alleged to have explained" that he didn't dare stop the fight because the gamblers were betting Campbell wouldn't answer the bell for the sixth round.

Campbell lay where he had fallen. He didn't move.

It was half an hour before the ambulance arrived to take him to St. Joseph's Hospital. He died in the hospital. His wife was with him.

Max Baer was arrested and booked on a charge of manslaughter. Lorimer, his adviser Ancil Hoffman, Working, and others were also taken into custody. A date for the inquest was set and everybody was released on bond.

Baer went to see Campbell's widow.

"It's all right, boy," she said. "It wasn't your fault. It might have been you instead of him."

"I'm sorry," Baer said; "more sorry than I can say. I went into the ring to do my best. That's all I can say."

The widow wouldn't sign a complaint against him. Neither would Campbell's mother. They knew there had been no malice. They knew how Frankie would have felt had it been Baer who was killed.

In all of California these two were the only ones, it seemed, who didn't want some sort of action taken.

The newspapers were especially vehement after the autopsy surgeon had made his report.

An X-ray, he said, showed that Campbell's brain had been torn loose from its supporting tissue by Max's blows. If Campbell had recovered he would have been permanently blind.

"THE cerebral hemorrhage that caused Campbell's death," the official report read, "was the result of a succession of terrific blows to the jaw. The back of his head, at the base of the brain, was all but pounded to a pulp when his head was snapped back against the metal turnbuckle on the ropes."

One of the fight writers dug up Jim Jeffries, former champion of the world, and quoted him in part as follows:

"No man ever had his brains beaten out in a boxing match in my day. No referee would have permitted such a thing to happen. I would have given the fight to Campbell on a foul when Max hit him from behind in the second round.

"I don't know whether it is a foul to hit a man like that, but I would have stopped the fight.

"There weren't any boxers in my day who had such a will to win that they'd resort to such tactics to win. I don't believe Campbell would

have pulled a stunt like that. He would have touched gloves with his opponent before continuing.

"A warning shout wouldn't have hurt anything, and in this case would have saved the life of a game young man. I am satisfied, from all accounts, that it was that blow which snapped something inside Campbell's head. He told his seconds he felt something had snapped. They could have saved him, and should have saved him.

"It was butchery, nothing but butchery—Baer hammering away at a dying man and nobody saying 'Stop.'"

The State Athletic Commission temporarily suspended ten men connected with the fight, including the referee. But after the district attorney had held there had been

no crime committed, and after the charges had been dismissed, the commission restored everybody to grace.

VANISHING AMERICA

THE HITCHING POST



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AT the inquest a woman testified she had overheard Jacob Baer, Max's father, say that Max would win "if he had to cripple or kill Campbell"; and that Kid Herman was going in to second Max, and "if possible attract Campbell's attention so that Max could get him."

If Kid Herman attracted Campbell's attention in that second round, nobody saw him—nobody who would testify to the fact. The woman's testimony, uncorroborated, was hotly denied. There was no evidence to show that anybody attracted Campbell's attention from Baer at the time, no evidence to show that Baer was in any way to blame for that moment of fatal carelessness.

Baer attended the funeral services held over

the body of his late opponent, and rode in the half-mile-long cortège. And when the probating of Campbell's will showed that Frankie had died poor, Baer made every effort to help the widow and the mother.

Baer went East some time after that fight. His first fight in New York was with Ernie Schaaf. He lost the decision; but he had come so near to winning that the Eastern scribes were enthusiastic about him.

He met Schaaf again last year in Chicago—and in the last few seconds knocked him to the floor. The bell rang, ending the fight before Ernie could be counted out.

But he was out. He was in a coma for several hours.

That fight, boxing critics by the score have asserted, so injured and softened Ernie Schaaf that he was not in a fit condition when he entered the ring with Carnera some months later. It wasn't Carnera's blows that

killed him, these writers maintain, but Baer's.

California fans are all rooting for Baer now, of course. But so they were before the recent win that has earned him a crack at the title that was once Jim Jeffries'. They bet heavily that he would knock out Max Schmeling.

"Schmeling?" they said in Los Angeles, weeks before the fight. "Baer'll murder 'm. Just murder 'm!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

- 1—Ore of iron, usually red or yellow.
- 2—Between Switzerland and Italy.
- 3—An East Indian cedar.
- 4—Knowing how; tact.
- 5—Joseph Conrad.
- 6—The first English child born in America, 1587.
- 7—A session of the English Parliament which lasted from 1640 to 1653.
- 8—New York, New Hampshire, and North Carolina.
- 9—A narrow passage from the mouth to the pharynx.
- 10—A tree-creeping bird of

South America; also a small song bird of North America.

11—A Spanish painter.

12—A government actually exercising power irrespective of its legal authority.

13—A military and religious order of the twelfth century.

14—70,000,000 square miles.

15—Extreme republicans of the French Revolution.

16—A half-evergreen shrub.

17—An American poet, author, and editor.

18—A Hindu deity.

19—Washington Irving.

20—William Jennings Bryan.

THE P^{unishment}

(Reading time: 5 min. 7 sec.)

PETER JELKS lighted his Bunsen burner under the half-filled test tube. That would be enough. He smiled ironically. Enough! Why, with this much of the stuff one could commit a thousand crimes. The test tube presently was boiling. He added the two little pellets; with skilled appraising gaze he watched them dissolve into deep color. Then he sifted in the other chemicals. A little more liquid? He measured a few drops with a glass dropper.

By profession Peter Jelks was a forger. But of late he had been branching out into other, more sinister things. Including murder. This affair with old man Grimshaw's will, for instance. Murder was involved—but Jelks was not directly concerned with that. After the will was drawn the old man was to be murdered. But Jelks wouldn't be there then. There was no danger to him. He had had a long and successful career, and was a living example contradicting the adage "Crime does not pay." Certainly it had paid him very well indeed. But now was a good time to quit. This would be his last illegal act.

Jelks smiled to himself as from his desk he took a nondescript black fountain pen. That murderous nephew of old Grimshaw wouldn't have any trouble manipulating things so that the sick old man would use this pen.

Jelks carefully filled the pen and laid it on his desk. He put away his paraphernalia. It was midnight now. Nothing to do now but go to bed; and at noon tomorrow give Grimshaw's murderous nephew the fountain pen.

Jelks stiffened at the sound of a knocking on his hall door. He fumbled with the lock. The door swung open. A girl! He gasped, "Why—why, Fanny, come in!"

In the living room she sat fumbling her little purse. She could not meet his stare.

"I just had to see you—tonight, Peter. I'm so glad you're here."

"I'm here," he said coldly. "What is it?"

She had changed—these three years since last he had seen her—this sister who was his only near relative. A gray dove. A refined little person. She was thinner than he remembered her. And she looked ill—frightened.

Jelks stared, surprised at the emotion which was sweeping him. He had thought he hated her—this sister who three years ago had walked out on him because she had learned he was a criminal. Tried to make him give it up, and when he laughed at her she had gone from their home and taken a job as stenographer.

He had not seen her since. He said coldly:

"What's the matter with you? What you been doing these three years?"

Married. She was suddenly sobbing; babbling incoherent fragments. Married a year. Her young husband was a bank teller. An embezzler. His accounts were short. Just today she had found it out.

Jelks stood gazing. And on his face was a faint ironic smile. She had quarreled with her brother because he was a crook—and now she had a crook for a husband.

She said, "Don't—don't look at me like that, Peter! He'll go to jail. The bank examiners—tomorrow—he



A SHORT SHORT STORY

By **RAY**
CUMMINGS

says tomorrow it will all be found out. He'll go to jail."

Jelks said, "What'd he do with the money he took?"

"Gambled with it. And now he'll go to jail."

"So you came to me—" Amusing. But the look of utter tragedy in her eyes sobered him. "Easy, Fanny. Don't get hysterical. You came to me—that was right. You want to borrow some money. Well, I'm rich—that's easy. How much?"

"Four—fourteen thousand dollars. Oh, Peter—"

He rose and stood before her. "That's a lot of money, Fanny. It's lucky I've got it available."

"Oh, Peter, you—you'll do this?"

"Of course I'll do it. Give you a check." He went to his desk—got out his check book. What a difference this would make to his lonely life! Reconciliation with Fanny. This young husband of hers might be a nice fellow. A bungler—but he had been that himself in his twenties.

He stood up. "There you are."

She took the check and stuffed it in her purse. "Peter, how can I thank you? This—this—"

She was sobbing again.

He said, "Take it easy. Don't do that. I'll telephone my bank in the morning—first thing—and tell them you're coming."

He gravely kissed her. "You bring Frank to see me sometime soon. It's good to have you again, Fanny."

"Yes—yes, I will."

And presently he closed the door upon her pallid, tear-streaked face; upon her smile of relief and gratitude.

THE telephone by his bed awakened Jelks. Morning. Eight o'clock. Grimshaw's nephew?

Jelks sleepily grinned as he reached for the telephone. But the grin faded. Not Grimshaw's nephew; a physician calling. Fanny's husband had found her early this morning, lying on the bathroom floor. Poison. A disinfectant—it had a right to be in the bathroom.

The voice was saying, "She just impulsively drank it—lived long enough to say so to me—nothing else. Evidently caused by some great shock—temporary mental derangement. With a highly nervous young woman—"

Jelks gripped the telephone, laughed wildly and choked it back and tried to listen.

"A very queer thing. A crumpled slip of paper was clenched in her hand. A check form. A blank check. We don't understand what—"

But Jelks understood! Fanny thinking he had tricked her! She had thought this was his ironic way of answering her appeal!

"But why a blank check, Mr. Jelks—a slip of paper with no writing on it at all—should have so upset her—"

Jelks's mind was flinging back. At his desk last night his tumultuous thoughts had distracted him. He had made the check out quite correctly. But this morning it was blank—

Of course it was blank. He had written it with the disappearing ink intended for old man Grimshaw's will!

THE END

STILL ALIVE

The Amazing True Story of
a Pilgrimage of Terror
through Asia

By
GEORGEI BELOFF

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by Henry Alan

(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

THE name Georgei Beloff conceals the identity of a Russian of noble birth whom the Soviet authorities believe dead. Still Alive is his account of his experiences as a White Russian fugitive. In last week's installment he went on with his earlier ones in the company of Baranoff and Andrei—the former the peasant who had befriended him after he faced a firing squad, the latter the grim woman in male attire whom the two had discovered in the forest wreaking vengeance upon Red wayfarers.

These three were now fleeing southward from central Siberia toward the mountains and Mongolia. In Malmysch, a Red village where evil spirits were worshiped, they passed themselves off as Reds, and after witnessing an orgy, killed the chief reveler and escaped. Next they came across a White party headed by Colonel Russinski. The Whites were endeavoring to reach and join Semenov, but were consumed with anxiety about their wives and families, whom they had detached under escort to seek safety while they themselves stood off a Red regiment.

Russinski wanted Beloff to accompany him, but Beloff persisted in his intention to join Baron Ungern. Pushing on, he and Andrei found themselves on impassable mountain roads under torrential rains, with avalanches threatening. Sickness seized Andrei and their plight became grave. But a remarkable American turned up in the wilderness and offered to lead them to shelter.

PART THREE—A GHOST IN FLESH AND BLOOD

THE name of our hatchet-faced friend was Symes. He aided me with Andrei, and we reached a rude house with a stable behind where there were a dozen very good horses. When we got into the house, he lifted Andrei into a bunk against one wall.

A young man was sitting on a stool, watching us. Symes addressed him in English:

"Snap out of it, Alexy! Get me some hot water."

The name did not at once suggest anything, nor did I pay much heed to the young man, who presently went out. Symes tried Andrei's pulse.

"Get him between dry blankets," he told me. "There are some clothes for you. I'll have to cut some wood."

He went out with an ax. Andrei was between dry blankets and conscious once more when he returned. He put wood on the fire, lit a pipe, and sat down to talk.

Here is his story. He had been in the regular army in America, and was sent with the American and other Allied troops to Archangel. There, while on duty one night, he was captured. The Reds sent him to Moscow and Petrograd, and finally to a prison camp of Germans



and Austrians. He got away and made for the White territory occupied by Kolchak. But by the time he reached Omsk, Kolchak was retreating. Symes took refuge in a village of Russian colonists.

"When the Red commissars came," he said, "I got away with a horse—only bullets broke my left leg in two places. It was damned tough for a while. I pulled through and got to this valley. I found Alexy living here, showed him how to build a regular house, and we settled down together."

"You've been here all winter?" I asked.

"Sure. Finally I made me some snowshoes, scouted all the valleys and trails around here, and collected the best horses from the Reds I found. We're not so far from the

border right now. I know exactly how to get across into Mongolia, and have been waiting for winter to break up. Well, see you later."

He went out.

After a time Alexei came in. The young man had an oddly frightened look. I regarded him curiously—and suddenly came to my feet, staring at him.

He saw my expression. He turned around, almost defiantly. Andrei had fallen asleep. We were alone.

"Well, Kesha?" he said.

Kesha! Nobody had called me that for years!

"You!" I stammered. "You—Alexei!"

"Yes. I knew you at once. I hoped you would not recognize me," he said bitterly. "My God, I don't want others to recognize me, to torment me—"

This young man was the Czarevitch!

Or—was he? I recognized him, yet I fought against it. I had been on the commission that investigated the Ekaterinburg murders. I had talked with witnesses, with relatives of the murderers. I knew that Alexei, the son of the Czar, simply could not be alive. Yet—

It was perfectly true, well known, that a young man had appeared in the Altai region, confounding the Siberian government of Kolchak with his exact likeness to Alexei. He knew intimate details about all the court officials. Then a lady from the court proved the young man a fraud, or so it was alleged. He disappeared.

It was this young man who stood before me.

"I have not forgotten you," he said. "Often I have seen you playing with my sisters. I have heard you talking with them. And you have peculiar eyes."

I had indeed played with his older sisters, for I had been practically brought up in the palace. They had always called me Kesha.

"And I recognized you, Alexei," I said to him slowly. "So will others. Why not? You shall go with us; we will reach safety."

Anger and terror flashed in his eyes.

"May your tongue be accursed!" he cried out. "Did I ask for your recognition? I am dead—let me stay dead! God knows I have suffered enough! Keep your damned tongue quiet!"

He rushed out of the place, leaving me alone.

I was stupefied. Then I

We rode on. Then one of the soldiers uttered a sharp cry. He had touched the body of the woman. Symes, riding last of all, leaned over and struck him down.



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came to myself. He was dead, and so was I. Yes, I would keep his secret.

Symes returned later in the afternoon with wood he had cut. Alexei was gone. So were the best horse, a rifle, and some provisions. We never saw or heard of him again.

Andrei wakened, weak but better. We were dirty, but dirt was a protection, especially where we were going. Symes never suspected that Andrei was not a man—at least, not for a long while.

Andrei and I discussed with him the journey ahead.

"With this rain, we'll have to wait some days," he told us. "The river at the border is deep and fast as hell. Once we get across, there's a mountain pass on the other side. Traders come that way. We can go straight through to Mongolia. Suit you?"

"Agreed," I said. "But three cannot go unless one takes command."

He grinned, rubbed his lean jaw, and gave me a look both queer and complimentary.

"You're it, colonel! I know an officer when I see one!"

As it proved, we were forced to wait here above a week. The more we saw of Symes, the better we liked him. He gave me a new idea of Americans. I had known and liked their officers with the Kolchak mission. But some of the privates were different.

So were some of those in the American force which advanced with the Allied forces from Vladivostok, and later joined Semenoff in an occupation of Siberia. The soldiers of Semenoff fought bitterly with the Americans. They fought in the cafés, in the streets, everywhere. Americans were not safe alone in the streets at night.

But enough of this.

"Why can't we reach Vladivostok," Symes demanded, "instead of going into Mongolia?"

I TOLD him about Russinski and our reasons for heading south.

"Maybe you're right. This story about Baron Ungern appeals to me. The crazier he is, the better. How far is it to Urga from here?"

"In a direct line," I said, "seven or eight hundred miles. We can head south into Mongolia, and there our road forks. Either we then strike east for Urga and China, or we cross the Gobi Desert to Tibet and get out by way of India."

We decided on Urga and China.

The days passed, Andrei recovered, and we loaded up the horses and set out. After traveling four days we came into lower country near the river and sighted a village. Symes had a pair of binoculars. We lay all morning studying the place and scheming how we could get through.

We had to use the ford, which came directly to the center of the village. Tatar or Mongol traders were crossing back and forth, and a strong guard of soldiers was posted by the ford at a customs station.

The village occupied a good deal of ground. Upstream and to the right were tents of the soldiers. Between the camp and the village itself were two large huts. Soldiers were always coming in groups, clustering around these huts, and then going away again. We could not understand the reason.



Scriabin, from the autographed picture he gave to Beloff.

TOWARD noon we faintly heard shots, repeated volleys. After a time we observed files of peasants going to the river bank, flinging in corpses.

"Executions!" cried Andrei suddenly. "Executions! White officers, my brothers! I saw one of the uniforms."

Where could Whites have come from, in this place?

We observed that everyone crossing the river to the village was stopped and strictly examined by the guards at the ford. How we could get through, even at night, was a problem. To sneak past was quite out of the question.

Then Andrei turned excitedly to us.

"Look! That is the third group of Mongol traders to come across without any examination! They are well known men, do you understand? Look at those two who have just come across with a pack train of horses! They have two other Mongols riding with them, who must be guides or servants. Three such parties have crossed this morning. And these last comers seem to be going right through the village!"

This we perceived to be the case. At the camp the two Mongols entered into conversation with a number of officers. Their two servants led the pack train on through the camp and toward a road that wound off to our right around the base of the hills.

"By God, I got it!" cried out Symes. "Those two traders are going to ride on after their pack train and catch up! We can cut across through the forest yonder—"

Andrei laughed and reached for her rifle. Before mounting, we observed a sudden tumult in the camp. The soldiers were rushing about, apparently in great exultation. Something had happened, we could not tell what. We were soon to learn!

We tethered our pack horses in hiding, mounted, and rode away as rapidly as the forest would permit. The two traders were just making their farewells and leaving the camp. Their servants and the pack train had ridden on out of sight.

Reaching the road at an angle, we were well ahead of the two but be-

hind the pack train. Symes halted and turned to me, his blue eyes stabbing hard.

"All right, colonel!" he said. "It's your move."

"Very well. You are an expert shot. Ride on and attend to the servants. We will see to the masters."

He spurred his horse and pounded away.

I posted Andrei close to the road, with orders not to shoot before I did, and then rode on after Symes for a hundred yards. We were too far from the village for shots to be heard there.

Dismounting, I led my horse among the trees, then came back near the road with my rifle. After a little while the two riders came into sight, unhurried. They passed the spot where Andrei was hidden. They were nearly abreast of me when I heard a shot, then another; Symes had fired only twice. The two traders halted in alarm. As they did so I shot the one on the right. He fell out of his saddle. The other wheeled his horse and dashed away, but Andrei's rifle brought down the horse. The trader was thrown from the saddle. Andrei came running out and hit him over the head. He fell back screaming for mercy.

I came up to them.

"This is my affair," said Andrei. "Take the clothes from the other. Lead the horses off the road and kill them. They might be recognized."

She seized the hapless trader by the collar and dragged him out of sight among the trees. Presently I heard him scream; then the sound became a muffled groaning and whimpering.

SOME time later Symes came riding back. He looked around, saw me sitting there smoking, and drew rein in astonishment.

"Haven't they come yet?" he demanded. "I heard you shoot. Where's Andrei?"

I pointed to my horse among the trees, and he saw the clothes of the Mongol.

"What is that sound?" He had dismounted and now stood listening to the thin groaning. "Look here—what the hell is up? Where's Andrei? By God, if you Russkies pull any deviltry on me—"

For a moment he looked me in the eyes. A nod; a smile came to his lips.

"I'm sorry, colonel. You're not like most of 'em. Give me some tobacco."

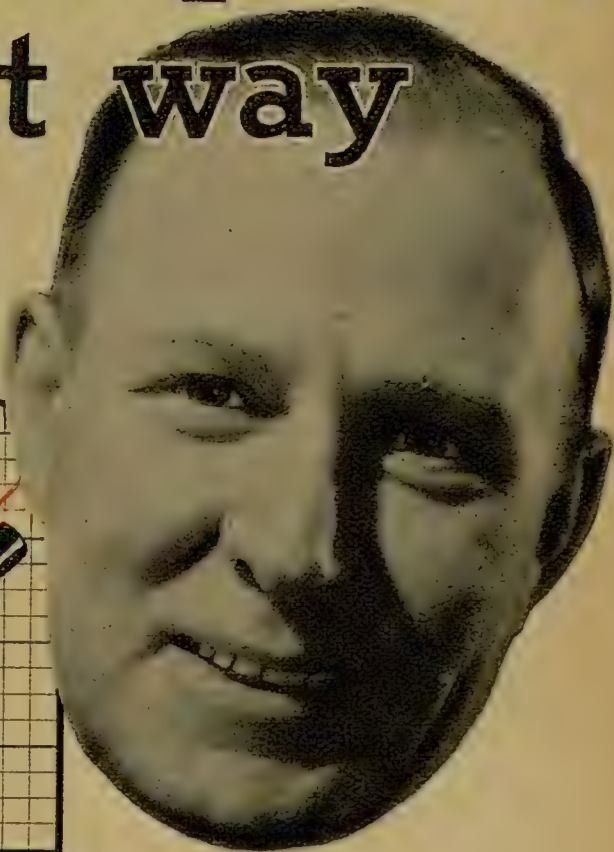
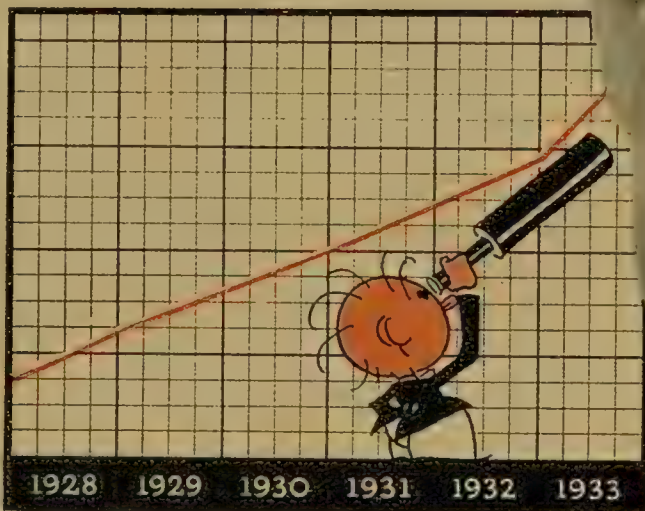
He sat down beside me and smoked in silence. At last Andrei came in sight, leading her horse. As she drew near I perceived that something frightful had happened. She was pale as the dead.

"There is no God!" she raved. "It is impossible! Dear Christ, what I have just learned! I thought that nothing could again reach into my heart, but—"

"Listen here!" broke in Symes. "Never mind about your heart! What's happened? Hurry up!"

Here's one sales curve that points the right way

by
"Singin' Sam"



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TUNE IN

Singin' Sam, Every Monday,
WABC and Columbia Net-
work, 8 P. M., E. D. S. T.



"Do you remember the puzzle of those two huts? I have found its meaning. Do you know what those executions meant? The bodies were those of Colonel Russinski's comrades—those officers who went off with the women. The Reds captured that whole party!"

"In the two huts yonder, between the camp and the town, are the women. Seventeen of them. The old ones and the children were killed. Do you remember the rejoicing among the men in camp? It was because of the announcement that tonight they are to have them. O my God! That such things can be!"

Symes stood up. "Come on—let's get out of here," he said in a stifled voice.

We mounted and rode back toward the place where our packs and horses awaited us. I thought about those seventeen women in the two huts. No doubt I knew some of them personally. Russinski's two daughters must be among them.

For a little while I was quite insane, like Andrei.

"All right, you two." Symes's blue eyes glittered. "Now we've got these costumes and the passes carried by the two traders. White Wings, you talk this Mongol jargon. I propose that right after dark we ride in openly through town, show our passes at the ford, and then go on in spite of hell or high water! Yes or no?"

"Yes," I said. "We can undoubtedly get through."

"Beyond question we can do it," said Andrei. "That is, if you are content."

Symes laughed harshly, then broke into English:

"Yes, I suppose the both of you want to stick around and start some damn-fool nonsense about saving them women! It just can't be done!"

I had come to know him well by this time.

"Then why are you talking about doing it?" I asked.

"Because we stick together; that's why! All right. I'm with you. Have you any plan?"

"No. I cannot see how we can help them. Even if we could, how could we get them away across the river?"

"To hell with that," said Symes. "Listen! You run it. Give your orders and count on me!"

Andrei stood up suddenly.

"Very well," she said. "I will manage it! You must agree to take my orders, to do exactly as I say."

We assented. Andrei turned over and flung herself down on her face, and remained that way for a long while.

I knew she had some terrible scheme.

"Old horseface there is crazy as a loon," Symes said to me. "Give me them binoculars. We'd better keep an eye on the enemy."

EACH of those two huts had a guard at the door—one man. Toward sunset no more soldiers sauntered over to look in at the women. Sheep were being slaughtered, wood for fires brought in, a feast prepared.

At length dusk deepened into full darkness, and we mounted. Andrei and I rode ahead. We each wore the high fur-edged hats, the heavy boots, the enormous enveloping coats of the Mongols. Andrei carried extra pistols which we had taken from the traders. We had our knives ready in our sleeves. Symes, also in Mongol garb, followed with the six pack horses.

Andrei had given brief orders. I drew out well in the lead and rode past the first hut, with a word of greeting to the soldier there. When I came to the second, the guard there growled a challenge.

I laughed.

"Hei, comrade! We have returned. Are the little birds still safe?"

"Safe enough," he answered.

"Well, I have a bottle of vodka here. Just for a

look—eh? Nobody will know. I want to see what Russian women look like. Here is the bottle."

He grunted half hesitantly, then came close as I slipped from the saddle. I heard Andrei's low, terrible laugh. It was the signal. The sentry reached to take the bottle—and took death instead, full in the throat. There was no sound at all.

Andrei came up to me.

"It is done? Good! Now wait here."

She thrust aside the blanket at the door of the hut and entered. I heard her voice come faintly from inside: "God save all here! Be silent, be silent!" After this, startled gasps, and then whispers, choked cries, sobs. Suddenly Andrei thrust out her head.

"Clothes quickly. O my God! They are naked! All their garments have been taken away."

We had the garments of the fourth Mongol. We took the big coats from over our Red uniforms; also there was the slain sentry. After some time Andrei came out and caught at me.

"Three come from this hut," she said hoarsely. "One as a Mongol. The other two must lie across the packs, face down, like sacks."

SHE went hurriedly to the other hut. Symes had joined me with the horses. We waited, immobile. Close by in the camp, fires were blazing up more brightly. Heavy drinking was going on and there seemed to be little discipline and no sentries at all. It was quite dark.

Whispers came from inside the huts, and sobs. Figures crept out, three from each hut. One, in Mongol clothes, sat astride a horse. The other five lacked this disguise and lay face down across the packs, merging with them. Andrei took my arm.

"Mount, mount! You and I, with the passports of the traders, go first. We have only five minutes."

"For what?" I asked.

"Faster, faster! You are too chicken-hearted for this work. They do not need all the cartridges. Some still have poison hidden in their hair. Hurry!"

We were moving onward into the village, straight for the guards at the ford. A fire was burning there and a lantern hung inside the guard hut.

Poison! Most of our Russian women, and indeed a great many of our White officers, carried cyanide or other poison for use in case the Reds captured them. Yes, Andrei was right; and yet only a woman could have imagined this frightful scheme. It was the only possible one. To take all of these women away, naked and afoot, was out of the question. Far better that most of them die quickly in order that six might escape.

We came to the fire. A number of men halted us. An officer peered at us, and held up the lantern to read the passes I presented.

"Very well, very well," he grunted.

We rode on. Then one of the soldiers, reaching up, probably to steal something from the packs as they went past, uttered a sharp cry. He had touched the body of the woman lying there. The rest of us were in the water, splashing forward. Symes, riding last of all, leaned over and struck him down.

At this instant shots began to ring out from the two huts. Shots—slow, deliberate, deadly! I counted. There were nine. Two of the women, then, had taken poison. The shouts of the guards were answered by wild commotion about the camp.

How we got across that ford I do not remember. On the other side we halted, and I helped the woman in front of me to get astride of her horse. Andrei helped others. From across the river was rising a tumult.



A snapshot of Colonel Russinski and his White Russian scouts on the move in central Siberia.



Then happened what we had least expected. A shout rang out in front of us. Men were all around—an outpost of cavalry!

I whipped out my pistol and began shooting. We rode through them. They were confused by glimpses of our Red uniforms.

We shot our way clear and rode on, with bullets whistling past us.

I had felt nothing, not even the least pain. But now, as we rode, the pistol fell out of my hand and I was unable to move or speak. The others drew rein. I could not. Symes caught at my reins.

"Why in hell don't you stop?" he growled. "Look

The soldiers of Semenoff fought with the Americans. They fought in the cafés.

here— Oh, Andrei! Andrei! By God, they've got him!"

Andrei came. I could not move, could not speak.

They dragged me from the saddle and Symes struck a light. They examined me swiftly.

A bullet was lodged against my spine and I was entirely paralyzed.

How Symes and one of the daughters of Russinski cured Beloff and healed his wound will appear in next week's installment. The hated General Petkoff will be encountered in it—and then, in Mongolia, "running with blood," the mad Baron Ungern himself!

(Reading time:
4 minutes 27 seconds.)

CERTAINLY I'm a descendant of Napoleon. Wasn't I born on the island of Corsica? Every Corsican claims Napoleon blood. It's an old Corsican custom!"

That was what Irene Bordoni told me the other day when I went to call on her at her little French house in New York. Without doubt hers is the Frenchiest house on this side of the Atlantic. Every detail is French—even the delicious odor of true Parisian soup wafting in from the kitchen.

And nobody could be more Parisian than Irene. Take a look at her life story. Her father, a Corsican tailor, moved to Paris when she was a child. They were terribly poor. Her mother kept a newspaper stand near one of the vaudeville theaters. Irene went to work, picking up pins for a dressmaker. In her spare time she helped her mother sell newspapers. One day, when she was thirteen years old, she walked into the theater near her mother's news stand. She had dressed up for the occasion in her mother's best clothes. Walked right on the stage, where the company was rehearsing.

"Who are you?" growled the manager. "What are you doing here?"

"I am Irene Charlotte Bordoni," said she, "and I've come to be an actress."

Preposterous—but it worked. They took her on, told her to say she was sixteen, gave her a little beginner's part. Home that night, Irene exploded the good news that she was about to earn twelve dollars a month. "Doing what?" her mother demanded suspiciously.

Off and on since 1917, when she played here in Hitchy-Koo, Irene Bordoni has been one of the imported favorites among musical-comedy stars on the American stage.

A NEW fad has broken out in fashionable London. Young married couples of that old town have taken to dressing just alike. Man and wife wear identical suits, except for the fact that she wears a skirt while he wears trousers. Otherwise they are counterparts. Same material, same cut, same style of necktie, same colored shoes and stockings, same kind of hat.

Together they walk down the Strand, looking like a vaudeville team. But they are not theatrical folk. They're swells. Really smart couples are doing it.

What do you think of the idea?

BROKEN romances get plenty of publicity. Mend-ed romance gets very little.

I am brought to this idea by a chance meeting with some old friends. They are—a woman, her husband, and another couple. All of them are now in their forties,



A. R. CARTER

By **PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN**

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia



Irene Bordoni

never worries. Isn't that fine?

GLANDS make wars. Not directly, perhaps, but from a talk I have just had with Dr. Allan Blumgarten, gland specialist, I get the impression that nearly all our human distempers, our hates, frenzies, egotisms, are controlled by the workings of our glands.

You'll be a fighter, or not, according to the development of your pituitary. Dr. Blumgarten told a medical hygiene conference recently that Napoleon met his Waterloo when his pituitary slowed down. I wonder what kind of glands pacifists have.

NAURAL agate—the milky-white stone with brown streaks—has returned to favor this season after many years. White sapphires are ousting the flashy paste diamonds. Agates and white sapphires were both popular in Victorian days.

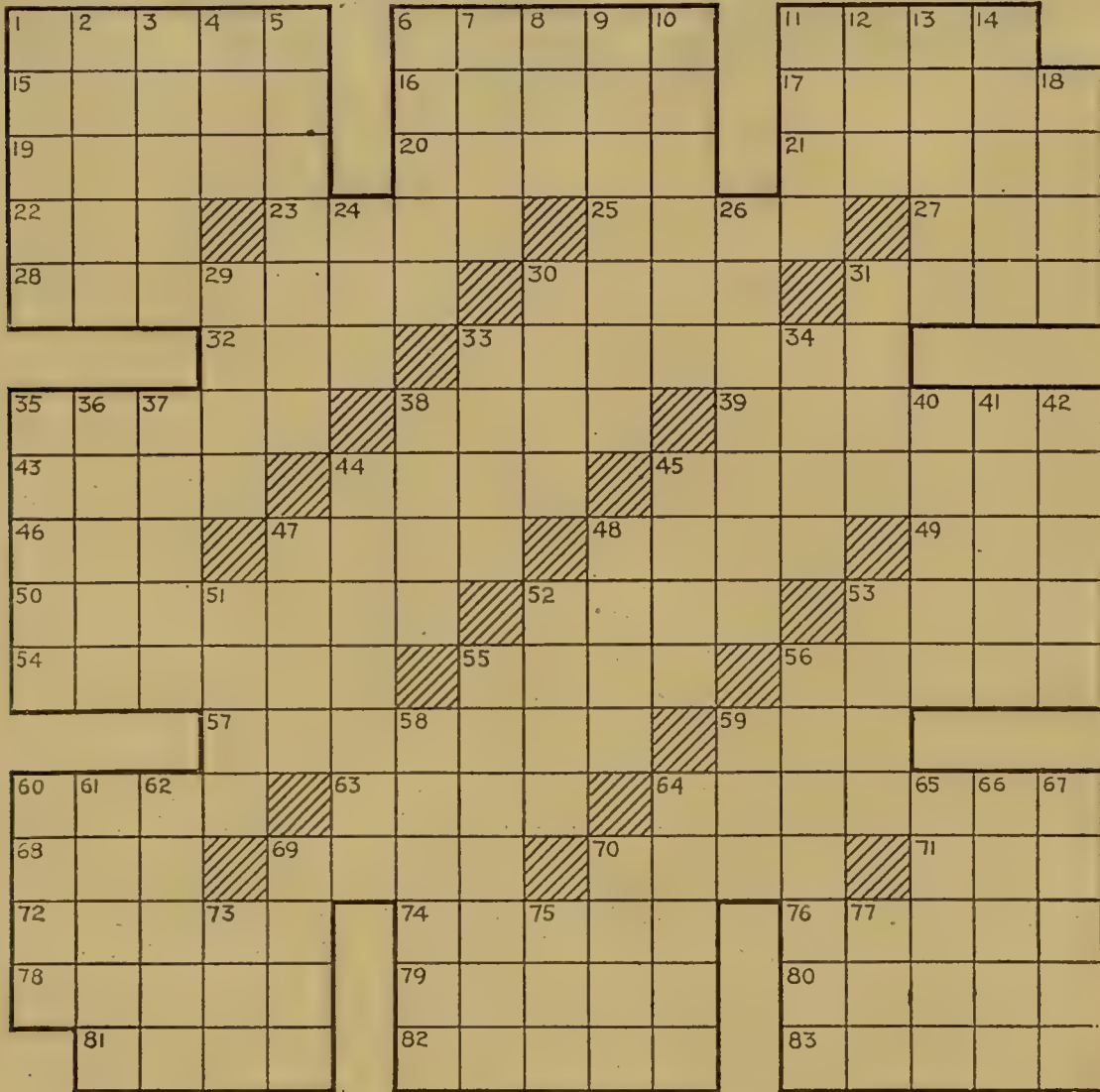
FROM our old chafing-dish days comes this recipe, so applicable now, when all of us have electric hot plates. This was originally a midnight morsel. As far as I'm concerned you can dish it up at any hour you please. It's called *Lobster à la Tom Thumb*.

Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion and 2 tablespoons chopped mushrooms. Fry together 3 minutes, moistening with ½ glass wine. (Of course you can get wine. Don't be silly!)

Now put in your lobster, finely chopped, adding 3 tablespoons bread crumbs and ⅓ pint cream. Simmer until thick. Serve on toast. Dance your head off after you have eaten it!

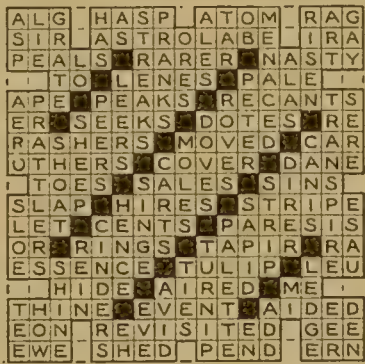
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A groove or channel
- 6 Pertaining to a seta
- 11 A genus of trees
- 15 Animal of South America and Malaya
- 16 Home
- 17 Fragrance
- 19 Woman's name
- 20 Commence
- 21 One of the apostles
- 22 Stray
- 23 The early day
- 25 Part of the head
- 27 Cardinal number
- 28 Heart contraction
- 30 Good promise
- 31 Philippine Mohammedan
- 32 In addition
- 33 Withhold
- 35 Begin
- 38 Existence
- 39 Leased
- 43 Endure
- 44 Gone by
- 45 A Shaw heroine
- 46 Viper
- 47 Step
- 48 Agreement
- 49 Confusion
- 50 Unfruitful
- 52 Such and no more
- 53 Large bundle
- 54 Wading birds
- 55 Clue
- 56 Valleys
- 57 Compensation
- 59 By
- 60 Painful
- 63 Compass point
- 64 Irrigator
- 68 Exist



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 69 Sums up
- 70 Kind of johnnycake
- 71 High priest who trained Samuel
- 72 Of the Pope
- 74 Species of loon
- 76 One of the legendary founders of Rome
- 78 Cubic meter
- 79 Dens
- 80 Move smoothly
- 81 Otherwise
- 82 Growing out
- 83 Devoured

VERTICAL

- 1 Pens for swine
- 2 To bear
- 3 Imitators
- 4 Japanese coin
- 5 An American general
- 6 Swordlike weapon
- 7 Man's name (contraction)
- 8 To deck out (slang)
- 9 Fatty
- 10 Algonquian Indian
- 11 Sleeveless garment
- 12 Crude metal
- 13 A game
- 14 Mohammedan noble
- 18 River in Italy
- 24 Aged
- 26 Raised platform of earth
- 29 Sour
- 30 Raise aloft
- 31 Repair
- 33 Ascend
- 34 An opening
- 35 To cut viciously
- 36 To savor
- 37 Turkish coin
- 38 Net fabric
- 40 Pertaining to tides
- 41 Roman magistrate
- 42 Scandinavians
- 44 Shaky
- 45 A vehicle
- 47 Liquid measure
- 48 Hang as if balanced
- 51 A flower
- 52 Aromatic plant
- 53 Denuded
- 55 A mercenary of the Revolutionary War
- 56 Purge away
- 58 Propel, as a canoe
- 59 Cooking utensil
- 60 Undermines
- 61 Declaim
- 62 Repulse
- 64 In poorer health
- 65 Forgive
- 66 Evade
- 67 Ascended
- 69 Toward the sheltered side
- 70 Saucy
- 73 Areas ten meters square (variant)
- 75 By way of
- 77 Highest note in Guido's scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

CORNS

Safe Relief in 10 Seconds



Also for
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SORE
HEELS
TENDER
TOES
SORE INSTEP

Quickly Loosens and Removes Corns

Here is the quickest, safest relief for these foot troubles—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads instantly end pain on any part of the feet or toes; stop shoe friction and pressure by protecting the sore spot and prevent blisters. When used with the separate *Medicated Disks* (double value now at no extra cost), they quickly remove corns and callouses. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!



**SHE'S the
MOST
POPULAR
HOSTESS
in TOWN**

(Do they congratulate you on your bridge parties?)

"MY DEAR, your parties are perfect!" That's what they tell Sally Burns. And the guests go home wondering how ever Sally manages to make so many new and delightful refreshments for every party she gives.

The secret is simple. Sally has a copy of Liberty's book of "Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks." With more than 240 recipes to choose from, she finds it easy to provide something different for every occasion. And these summer dishes are not only cooling and delicious. They are absurdly easy to prepare. For every recipe is kitchen-tested—and the directions are clear, simple, and easy to follow.

Your parties, too, can be the envy of your friends. Just send ten cents—stamps or coin—for a copy of this wonderful little book. You'll be delighted with the suggestions it offers. Tear out the coupon and send it now.



LIBERTY COOKBOOKS 7/22/33
Liberty Weekly—
Lincoln Square—New York, N. Y.
Send me a copy of Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks. I am enclosing ten cents.

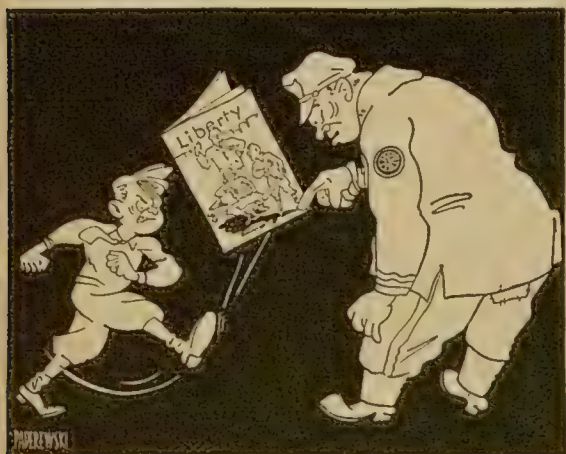
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No Summons Issued Here

SPRINGFIELD GARDENS, N. Y.—A New York motorcycle copper becomes accustomed to being called every name under the sun, but Liberty's cover of April 15, by Stockton Mulford, started something in my house.

I came home after a tough day on the wheel with a copy of Liberty. My eleven-year-old son grabbed it. The



first thing he spotted was the cover. He looked at it a long time without saying anything. The picture showed a New York policeman umpiring a boys' baseball game and calling the batter out.

Finally he looked up at me with disgust and pointed to the cover. "Just like all cops," he said; "they are all cheats." I'm having a tough time around the house living that one down. —Harry Armstrong, N. Y. P. D.

He Was Comin' Round the Mountain

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Eddie Grainger, Octavus Roy Cohen's hero in the serial Scarlet Woman, was certainly slow. It took him ten weeks to get anywhere with Judith. We may take things easy down here, but ten weeks, brother, is a long, long time.—Southerner.

Two More Letters About the Editorial on a New Deal for the Veterans

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—I have just received the issue of June 10 and carefully read the editorial, The Veterans and the New Deal, and I most heartily congratulate you and really thank you for the very timely suggestions made therein.

I am a veteran of the Spanish-American War, fought over thirty-five years ago, and many of us are now near the sixty-year mark and some nearly seventy years. I can truthfully say that a majority of my old comrades are in very straitened circumstances, the result of disease contracted in line of duty during our stay in the tropics.

The old spirit of '98 still pervades our ranks and the same love of coun-

try that actuated each of us when we volunteered for service remains with those still living. We have faith in our nation, its officers, and its people, and all of us feel that the right thing will be done by all veterans before very long.

I have received many telephone calls regarding the article and every man of our organization here joins me in thanking you. I will take great pleasure in forwarding a copy of your editorial to each of the Alabama veterans and will speak upon it at our reunion. We fellows want you to know that you are speaking our language and our sentiments and we are very grateful indeed for the interest that you have shown.—Berto H. Johnson.

DETROIT, MICH.—I have just finished reading the editorial in the June 10 issue asking the veterans to be patient and to wait for the measures that the President will pass in our behalf. Well, if the justice dealt the service-connected disabled is an example, all I can say is to pray that "God help us." I mean that, because I have been praying with all of my heart for justice. In the name of economy what disgusting things have been done.

How can one save by not buying a hat but spending the same amount on shoes? That is what they did with the money they saved by not paying just debts—but spent it planting trees, etc. A New Deal! I should say so! Now, I am not a radical but just disgusted with the way the real heroes are being treated. True, that a lot didn't deserve what they got—but why make the deserving suffer? If the government has to take care of the boys and girls disabled in the service of their country, they won't be anxious to get into another war but will keep prepared so we will have peace. My husband is cut so badly after being discharged with T.B. from gas and nervous disabilities from wound in head, that when I tell my friends they just can't believe he is cut that drastically until I show them.—Lucille M. Schultz.

It's a Nice Hat, Too

VANCOUVER, WASH.—Having read the latest issue of the "classic" Liberty, I still maintain that the contest judges draw their winners from a hat. I hope they never have the ill fortune of drawing the price tag or a blank submitted by some absent-minded contributor.—C. Thomas Carroll.

O. K., Pal!

LEONARDTOWN, MD.—Joseph Dixon and Don Wilkie must have dug up some old King Bradys somewhere. You know, "There's gold in them thar hills, boys." That's what the serial Marriage Drums reads like. Abyssinia!—M. H.

We'll Keep Right on Publishing Them and Hope for the Best

LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.—You deserve credit for publishing the article by William Green in the issue dated June 10. The case is presented logically and clearly. The same thing applies to the one by Upton Sinclair.

You should publish more articles like these. You may in time penetrate the thick skulls of the American people and bring them to a realization that the wooden Indians they have worshiped as demigods are just a band of pirates, plug-uglies, and confidence men. Insull is typical.



L. B. Rosborough

You may be able to show them the absurdity of having unemployment and want in a land which has an oversupply of nearly every raw material and ample facilities for manufacturing and distributing them.

You may. Yeah! If you do, you are good. There are too many subsidized sheets shouting on the other side of the question, and, with the dear people, the raucous voice wins over logic every time.—L. B. Rosborough.

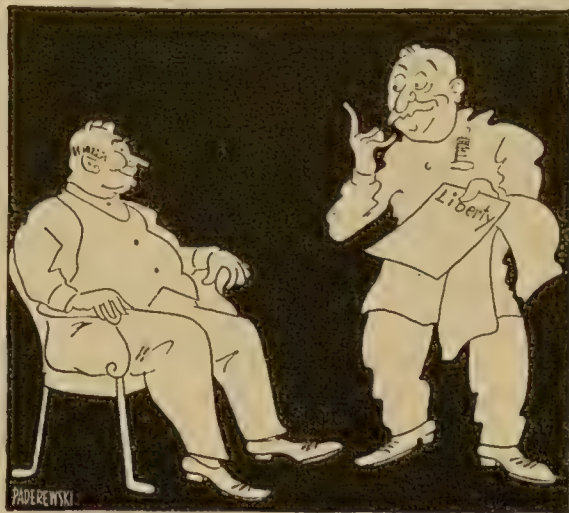
Just Keep Trying

MADISON, WIS.—Please tell me, how does one rate a prize in your magazine? Have sent in Bright Sayings and several hundred Dinkys, but to no avail.—Laura Kinney.

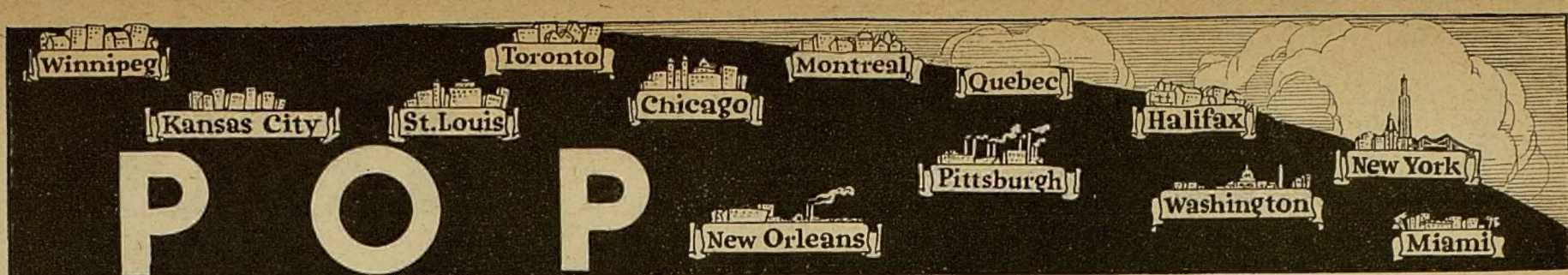
Barber-Shop Chord

GROVELAND, CALIF.—I live in a little mountain town in the high Sierras. My occupation is loafing and reading Liberty. Every Wednesday morning I amble down to the town barber shop and receive my Liberty and a shave.

I always turn first to the short short



story. I have been reading Liberty for over five months, and never disliked a short short story. "Born to Raise Hell, by Tex O'Reilly, was a humdinger. More power to Liberty.—Walter Perkins.



Blue Monday in Pennsylvania

AVON, PA.—Here it's Monday morning, the one day in the week known as a blue day to thousands of people.

Sandwiched between the kitchen sink and the old-fashioned hand washer, brought from the cellar to help reduce the electric bill, I find Liberty an equal balance for the left hand the while the



right hand runs the washer. The more exciting the story on the left-hand side the faster the reaction on the right side. Electricity hasn't a thing on Hell Hounds, the fairy tales told by Ex-Legionnaire 1384.

Yours with an exclamation mark for the Vox Pop corner!—*Susanna Bleistein.*

He's a Big Guy Who Spends All His Spare Time Reading the Dictionary and Encyclopedia.

GRAVENHURST, ONT.—I see by one of your issues that a telegrapher in Florida worked out one of the Liberty cross word puzzles. Good for him. I have never completed one yet. But I have never studied plant life in the jungles of Africa or the steppes of Asia, nor made a comprehensive survey of insects in the South Seas. I have never studied Spanish and Portuguese, nor made purchases with Brazilian or Japanese coins. I have never pranced around mountain peaks in India or traveled obsolete Siberian rivers. What kind of a guy makes these up anyway? Couldn't you print one that an ignoramus like me could work on?—*W. T. Cameron.*

A Voice from Down Under

DANNEVIRKE, N. Z.—Why on earth don't you cater for us over here? You have the goods in your publication and it was only by the merest chance I received a copy of your publication some months ago from a pal in the U. S. A. Needless to say I immediately sent a request for it to be forwarded regularly. Seeing as I have only received a few copies I cannot help but write, sending congrats from far-away New Zealand, telling you that your paper will receive

a very large circulation if you only get to it.

Vox Pop is the first thing I read. The articles elsewhere are great. The Twenty Questions each week are good. My copies of Liberty get well circulated among my friends, but how long did you say it takes to read it? Let's see it keep up its continued good stories and remain a topnotcher. Good luck, Liberty!—*Walter H. Nicholas.*

A Hand for Groucho Marx

WESTMOUNT, QUE.—Having been a constant reader of your magazine for some time, I wish to say how thoroughly enjoyable it has been week after week.

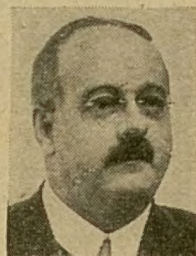
In addition, I would like to particularly mention the articles entitled The Outline of Love, by Groucho Marx, and to say that they were most pleasing and entertaining. I was disappointed to see them end. They were, without doubt, the best articles of that type I have ever read.—*J. H. Quinn.*

BATH, N. Y.—Why the hell a publication like Liberty should publish such *** (asterisks) d—n' rot as The Outline of Love, by Groucho Marx, is far and away beyond reason.

You must be soft Marx.—*J. E. Owen.*

Welcome to Our City

DENVER, COLO.—When Liberty was without a name I was in the contest and suggested a name for it, and have been in nearly all of your contests since, but without success.



H. T. Hughes

Yeah, I have sent in some words of commendation for Liberty, thinking you might print the same in your Vox Pop column. Vain hope. I am once more a contestant for the Phony Excuse competition and inclosing this note to Vox Pop Kickers Society.—*H. T. Hughes.*

We Can Still Take It

KITCHENER, ONT.—In the June 10 issue of your magazine a new contest has started. Is this another contest for your American readers only, or does it include the Canadians also? If it does it will be widely different from any contest hitherto published.

Why does all the prize money in your contests stay on your own side of the fence? Are all letters bearing Canadian postal marks tossed into the wastebaskets without being opened? Or perhaps you have narrow-minded judges. If Canadians were as narrow-minded, the sales of your magazine would take an awful drop. I don't suppose I will see this in print, as it is all slam and no salve.—*Mrs. C. Shoemaker.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

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What Does Your Boy Read?

(Reading time: 4 min. 30 sec.)

ONE of the reasons children grow up so quickly these days must be that the books which are written for grown-ups are so much more fun to read than the so-called "juvenile literature."

Most of the children's books today are designed to improve the child's mind or inculcate in him a spirit of good clean camel-hunting. Instead of heroes taking pot shots at Indians or hiding gold in caves, we find the continent of South America as the hero of one modern child's book and the man who discovered how to insulate copper wire as the hero of another. What inducement to read is there for a boy who has spent a hard day at school and in the back lot? Now I ask you!

There was such a hue and a cry about the old-fashioned dime novel (which cost a nickel) that no self-respecting parent today would allow his children to have one in the house; and yet Frank and Dick Merriwell, and even Old and Young King Brady, were as highly moral characters as, I venture to say, any of the modern heroes who set out to get specimens of quartz for the Museum and become president of the Interurban Oil Company in the process. Old King Brady did chew a little tobacco now and then, it is true; but most of the dime-novel heroes were models of behavior which many a child of today would do well to follow. I'll bet there are not more than six young men in the country right now as well behaved and noble as Frank Merriwell used to be.

Take the following excerpts (imaginary but typical) from an old-time thriller and a new-fashioned "inspirational" book for children:

"Dick Montague turned and faced the four masked figures who confronted him and Elsie Maxwell as they stood, with their backs to the wall, in Old Indian Meg's cave. His eyes flashed fire as he rolled back one sleeve.

"Your names are unknown to me," he said in a calm voice, "but, unless my eyes deceive me, you are members of the Red Band which has been marauding the country hereabouts. I know you all to be cowards at heart, and, although I am not one to pick a fight without justification, I will offer to knock down the first man who dares make a move toward this young lady here!"

"The four blackguards sneered in unison but there was something in Dick Montague's voice which inspired terror in their craven hearts.

"Come, son, have a cigarette and let's talk it over," said one of them, taking a step forward.

"Crack! A blow on the face from Dick's fist felled him to the floor of the cave.

"Get up, you yellow dog!" said Dick (for it was indeed he). "You know very well that I do not smoke cigarettes, otherwise I should not be able to lead the flying wedge on

By

ROBERT
BENCHLEY

Picture by PADEREWSKI

the Yale football team with such courage.'

"A second member of the gang stepped forward. 'You darned little whelp,' he muttered, 'I'll—'

"But before he could finish his sentence, he, too, lay sprawling on the ground, the victim of a second crashing blow delivered by the young athlete.

"Get up, you yellow dog," said Dick, "and the next time, mind your language when there is a lady about!"

And now something from the "recommended reading list" for the kiddies, put forward by the National Society for the Drying Up of Children's Books:

"Little Sir A. S. Eddington turned to his companions who were clustered about the telescope.

"It was awfully good of you chaps to ask me here to look through your telescope," he said, wiping off the eyepiece carefully, for you never can tell who has been looking through a telescope before you. 'I wonder if the rest of you boys know that the other name for the Milky Way is the Galaxy.'

"I KNEW it, but I had forgotten it," said H. Spencer Jones, the little boy who was later to become head of the observatory at Edinburgh, but not until he had learned not to forget things.

"The Galaxy, or Milky Way," continued little Sir Arthur, "is perhaps three hundred thousand light-years in diameter. Think of that!"

"Do we have to think of that?" asked happy-go-lucky Dr. Arbuthnot. "It makes me giddy!"

"There was a general laugh at this, but there were more serious matters to be attended to.

"The center of the system of globular clusters is in Sagittarius," continued Sir Arthur--

"In what?" asked someone incredulously.

"In a group of stars known as Sagittarius," repeated Sir Arthur impatiently, "so called because it means 'the archer,' as this group of stars used to be represented in the old days by the picture of an archer shooting an arrow."

"Let's go out and shoot arrows now," suggested Dr. Arbuthnot, and away they all went to shoot arrows."

Now, in this latter form of writing for children there is undoubtedly a great deal of valuable information, but if I were a child (and I sometimes wonder) I would welcome bedtime if that were all I had to sit up for.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.



If I were a child I would welcome bedtime.



3000 B. C. — Food — tough wild meat which was gnawed from the bones; roots, and coarse grains. They had perfect teeth then. And their health must have been remarkable for them to survive the rigors of uncivilized life.

TODAY — NEARLY 5000 YEARS LATER Science has made great progress, but several troubles have never been conquered—tooth decay, mouth and gum disorders which bring a train of serious results.



A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY CORRECT THESE MISTAKES OF CIVILIZATION

CHEWING, doctors say, was the cause of primitive man's fine teeth. Chewing kept him healthy. It is because we no longer chew enough that many of the present day physical handicaps persist. *Exercising all the parts of the oral cavity is essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth structure.*

Dentyne — a special chewing gum — helps overcome these conditions just as our ancestors were helped by chewing tough meats, coarse grains, and by gnawing roots. Because it has a special consistency — a *special chew* — it exercises the mouth. It causes the flow of saliva to return to normal, cleansing the mouth and teeth and increasing the flow of blood to all the mouth tissues.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — Here is an aid to health for your family in the pleasantest form, for Dentyne is delicious. Here are healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. See to it that every member of your family chews Dentyne every day for five minutes. Be as regular about this as about other health habits. It is just as important.

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

- 1** To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
- 2** To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
- 3** To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
- 4** To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.



Chew delicious
Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY KEEPS TEETH WHITE

HAYDEN HAYDEN—

No more need be said

“It's toasted”



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